Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF GENERAL INTEREST.

No. 196. SATURDAY AUGUST 3RD, 1912. (Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.) ONE PENNY.

WINSOME "GEORGE."

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Summer wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1207.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Wanted, quantity of corrugated iron roofing; must be cheap; in London.—Box 9216, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Stret, London, E.C.

Wanted, centre board sailing boat or dinghy, not under 14ft.; state age and full particulars.—Box 9186, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For hire, large ridge tent, accommodate 4 persons, wooden floor, double fly-roof, 3gs. month, 5gs. whole season.—Box 9187, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

2 Ayres 15s.; match bats, grand drivers, 7s. 6d. each; 2 practice bats, 5s. each; also bag, gloves, pads, etc.—Box 9188, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's cycle, 26in. frame, Sturney Archer 3-speed hub, roller brakes, as new, £4 10s.; beaded tyres.—Box 9189, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cartridge bag, 50, 30 cartridges, 12; 3 joint cleaning rod, extractor; what offers.—Box 9190, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Splendid set 8 new lignum bowls, full size, unused, medium bias, price 25s., worth double.—Box 9206, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1202.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1202.

MEDICAL, &c.

A wonderful hair restorer; absolutely darken grey hair; tried with marvellous results. Recipe post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 9234, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Proved Indigestion cure; result of a lifetime's research; cures most stubborn cases; genuine medical prescription, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Diarrhœa, dysentery, stomach pains, looseness of bowel, cured like magic; genuine doctor's prescription, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Hair restorer, from the recipe of eminent physician; most effective known; recipe, post free, 1s.—Box 9220, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff: recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

EDUCATIONAL.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1204.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Territorials and Regulars: Two gross only, best steel-lined, leather handle, riding whips, "looped tops," 1s. 9d. each; thread handle, 1s. 3d., post free; send at once to A. Jaheman, 54, Willenhall Road, Darlaston.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 8d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A Fountain Pen for 7d., post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Old safety razor blades returned as new; P.O., 9d.—Blaydes, 23, Melton Road, Nottingham.

Beautiful seamless Axminster carpet, brand new, latest design, with under felt, 9ft. by 7ft. 6in., 45s., or near offer; bargain, below cost.—Box 9192, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Handsome silk tapestry drawing-room suite, magnificent couch, in absolute perfect condition, a great bargain, £6 5s. the suite, or near offer, cash wanted; seen by appointment.—Box 9191, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Cut here

PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1205.

Cut here

Modern Man

96. Week ending August 3. One Penny.

RIAL OFFICES:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

SHING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

TISING DEPARTMENT:—Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, E.C. Telephone, City 6865.

AL SUBSCRIPTION, 8/8; for six months, 4/4; for three months, 2/2. Subscriptions are to be forwarded to the Publishing Department at above address.

E TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual

PLAIN SPEAKING.

shall be pleased to receive from readers in any part country information regarding local affairs or news-cuttings on matters of topical interest, suitable to ith under this heading.

h newspaper cuttings the title heading of the paper be enclosed, and where written matter is sent it must ompanied by proof that it is authentic.

the reader whose cutting is made use of a MODERN MAN *ain Pen will be sent.*

* * *

pet of the illustrated newspapers is soon to be among ain; and, good loyalists as we are, we shall hardly nuch satisfaction at King Alfonso's presence in this ry. Frankly, he bores us. The papers will not let get him. His motoring exploits, his chats with uninter- old cottagers, even what he eats and drinks, are d to us *ad nauseam*. He is as tiresome as the much- ed darlings of musical comedy—with the difference that tter generally are pretty.

* * *

uctresses and their Ages.

following card is being given away in the London

ARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

you ought to. This delightful language, so necessary to the late man or woman, may be quickly and pleasantly acquired by means of conversational lessons given by

ARISIAN YOUNG LADIES (17, 18, 20 & 22).

LADIES & GENTLEMEN RECEIVED.

TERMS:—

One pupil { 1 lesson 1/6; 6 lessons 8/-; 20 „ 25/-

Two pupils together { 1 lesson 2/6; 6 lessons 12/-; 20 „ 35/-

o addresses are given; one in the West End and the in the City.

e question which naturally strikes the commonsense n is why on earth the ages of the very young instruc- s are so carefully mentioned. We should be unwilling t undue reflection on what may be a well conducted and ne business. On the other hand there is a something the inclusion of those ages which leads us to suggest he authority should investigate the matter.

* * *

en Mrs. Alice James, a niece of the Chancellor of the equer, summoned her spiritualistic husband recently sertion, it transpired that her father-in-law had refused a doctor see her, on the ground that a dead son of his been so clever at his examinations that he was now ly qualified chemist in heaven!

Mr. James, senior, is one of two things. As to which, you pay no money, but you make your choice. Whichever of the two he is, he's scarcely to be felicitated. In the one case a horsewhip would be an appropriate adjunct; in the other, a padded room.

* * *

The Limit in Criticism.

Alack! to what base uses hath the pulpit come! Here is the Rev. Mr. Hughes, of Pontypool, holding up the saints of the Old Testament to reprobation, and a scandalised member of his flock breaking forth in perfervid protest against the sacrilege, thus bringing about the suspension of sermon and service alike.

"For some weeks"—so runs the interrupter's self-defence—"Mr. Hughes has been preaching sermons derogatory to the good men and women of the Bible. Moses has had it, Esther has been spoken of as if she were a bad woman, and poor Job has been dragged through the mud."

A little adverse criticism, in the case of Israel's great law-giver and the queen of Ahasuerus, is perhaps intelligible. But to find fault with Job, the perfect paragon of patience for time and for eternity! That, surely, is the limit.

* * *

"Toll of the Alps."

Yet again we read newspaper shrieks about "The Toll of the Alps." A husband and wife lately distinguished themselves by toppling over a precipice, searching for "edelweiss;" and now Dr. Andreas Fischer, a Swiss author, has met his death "while descending from the Aletschhorn in a terrible snowstorm."

Poor old gentleman! It is very dreadful! Dear! dear! But why in the name of common-sense did Dr. Fischer climb up the Aletschhorn at all? Even had he come back safe, to boast of his achievement, some people would not have admired him. They would simply have thought him a fool who was presumably learned enough, and certainly old enough, to know better.

* * *

Mormons and Morality.

Here is a specimen of the "hymns" (save the mark!) contained in a volume published by the Mormon sect until recently holding meetings at the Stockwell Institute:—

> Through Him Who holds the healing power,
> Ye faithful ones, who heed
> Celestial laws, take many wives,
> And rear a righteous seed.
> Though fools revile, I'll honour you
> As Abraham, my friend,
> You shall be God's, and shall be blest
> With lives that never end.

This plainly gives the lie to these scoundrels' statement that they have ceased to advocate plural marriages. We are glad to see that they have been practically turned out of the Stockwell Institute (told to terminate their tenancy, which means that they will hold no more meetings there); but that is not enough. We say flatly that such perverters of morality under the guise of religion should be banished from the country without an appeal.

* * *

Indelible Blot on Humanity.

It is gratifying to our national self-respect to be assured that no Englishman has been involved—at least directly—in the Putumayo devilries. It seems to be a fact, nevertheless, that many of those employed in the fiendish work have been British subjects.

And it is extremely regrettable that the whole truth about the matter should have been known to the Government for months before it was published, and before any active steps were taken to bring the "red rubber" atrocities to an end.

Moreover, the company responsible for this indelible blot on humanity appears to have had its headquarters in England. It is hard to escape the conclusion, therefore, that there are some of our fellow countrymen at whose door the guilt of the evil in a measure lies.

"Man's inhumanity to man." The Congo was bad enough. The Putumayo is worse. Heaven speed the day when the callous sacrifice of human life in the interests of a sordid commercialism shall have ceased to be!

An amazing case is reported from South Shields. On a woman being charged with the theft of 7s. 6d., the prosecutor appeared and asked that the charge might be withdrawn, explaining that he had made a mistake, and had found the money which he had thought was stolen. The bench, however, convicted the woman and sent her to prison for a month. To say the least of it, there seems to be something very *wooden* about the bench in question!

* * *

Power of £ s. d. Overrated.

How many more times must it be dinned into the purposely deaf ears of purse-proud people that money does not provide exemption from the observance of law and order?

We doubt not that Miss Irene Joel, the daughter of Mr. S. B. Joel, is a very worthy young lady in every respect—save one; and that is that she is obviously inclined to overrate the power of the shekel.

Thus it is that we view with a certain satisfaction the fact that Miss Joel was fined £13, including costs, a few days ago, for exceeding the motor-car speed limit at Wokingham, and for not stopping when required. Remember, Miss Irene, that no man, woman or child would welcome death or injury, even though it were at the hands of the fairest *and* oofiest daughter of the Chosen Race.

* * *

A Desire for Advertisement.

Another fool has performed the usual sequel to sensational murder cases. A young man, well-dressed and rather strange in his manner, entered the Southend Police Court some days ago, gave a Plaistow address, and said he was the man wanted for the murder of Dora May Grey, at Great Yarmouth. He was detained pending enquiries to his friends.

He may or may not be the man; but he probably is not. Why is it that some idiot or other—generally several—gives himself up invariably as the perpetrator of any big crime?

Probably the reason is most often a desire for advertisement. At any rate an enterprising music-hall comedian did the same thing some years ago in order to "boom" himself. Happily few people took any notice. But undoubtedly this trifling with the administration of justice—especially in so solemn a matter as a capital charge—ought to be put down—firmly. If such offences were penalised with a stiff term of penal servitude, we should soon see the end of such tomfoolery.

* * *

America's Shaky Crow.

Stands America where she stood? Well, hardly. Sweden has passed her, on points, in the Olympic Games, and the Yankee crow of jubilation has taken on a somewhat shaky note.

The figures given in last week's *Modern Man* referred, for the most part, to events which had been decided in the Stockholm Stadium itself. There have been, however, several others, included in the games, which have taken place outside, and in these the Americans have not been so conspicuously successful as they were in the former.

While they have a final majority over Great Britain of fifteen firsts, in seconds and thirds they are only two and four to the good respectively. If Greater Britain be pitted against the U.S.A.—and why shouldn't it?—the latter's excess of firsts is reduced to six, and of thirds to one, while in seconds there is actually a minority of four.

* * *

It's always just as well to wait for the end before chanticleering.

* * *

Profest Against Girl Collectors.

Of late weeks there has been far too much street collecting by girls—the last up to the time of writing being "Tag Day" in aid of some theatrical charity—and we consider it time for us to voice a protest against what we hope will not be allowed to become a recognised and frequent custom. The long and the short of girls being chosen to collect in the streets is that they are an attraction to susceptible and good-natured males who give them money, generally because they would not like a pretty girl to think them mean. A very acute exploitation of a prevalent natural trait—but hardly to our mind a worthy one.

We urge promoters of charitable enterprises to discontinue it in the future. We do so all the more determinedly for the following reason. The girl collectors are not always too carefully chosen; and there are those who only apply for such work because it gives them opportunities of m men with whom they make appointments when their ing hours are over.

* * *

Ben Tillett's Latest Field.

The notorious Socialist agitator, Ben Tillett, has i another field—that of blasphemy. It was an entryin the other day on Tower Hill, when this engaging ind "called on God" to strike Lord Devonport dead. He also for a show of hands from those inclined to join his demand to the Deity. In a second there was a f forest of grubby paws waving in the air. The men re word for word, after Tillett, the following "prayer"— God, strike Lord Devonport dead!" and then chante shall die; he shall die."

Our only comment is that if some madman, thus by Tillett, should do any injury to Lord Devonport will probably be a recoil on Ben's own head whic debar him from indulgence in the wines of France fo considerable time.

* * *

Clergy and Sunday Flying.

The Hendon clergy have been protesting against S flying at the aerodrome, because of the crowds who thither to witness the contests, even occupying the si the hill on which one of the churches stand.

Well, where's the harm in all this—between service at any rate? And even during the hour or two devo prayer and praise it surely has its uses. The world, th and the Devil are ever potent, and there's nothing like put to the test.

Ordinarily a clergyman isn't sure of his congregation doesn't know who are genuine worshippers, and wh merely conventionalists. When, however, biplanes monoplanes are skimming about in the vicinity of hi venticle he can be pretty certain that those people assemble to receive his ministrations are really devou

They have chosen between the mundane allurement side and the spiritual attractions within. The fascin of the air have sorted the sheep from the goats. The remain without, the former are inside. What more clergyman want?

* * *

The Suffragette Outrages.

The recent outrages—there is no possible milder t perpetrated by militant Suffragettes, make people ask selves whether these female fiends contemplate going length of actual murder? There is no doubt that the How much longer is the Government going to stand sh in its shoes? Women such as the wretched creature recently hurled a hatchet at Mr. Asquith, ought punished with the severest possible penalties that cou imposed on men for such offences. If mad women o kind saw themselves in the dock charged with atten murder, there might be a sobering effect on the thou of other female candidates for lunatic asylums who be to the "cause."

* * *

Pleased with a Sentence.

We feel distinctly pleased at the sentence of 18 mo hard labour imposed at the Old Bailey recently on Mad Lancashire, thirty-six, for attempting to procure her n a girl of eighteen. The latter, it was said, lived at B pool, and was persuaded to journey to London on the u standing that her aunt had obtained a situation for In passing sentence the Recorder (Sir Forrest Fulton) "It is by no means an uncommon offence to entice yo girls into London. . . It is not very often we get so a case. . ."

No; and more's the pity. If proper steps were taken, odious people would be sentenced daily in scores. We m this statement with the utmost confidence. Meanwhile are glad at the degraded woman's sentence of eigh months—though we should have been better pleased had been something nearer eighteen years.

* * *

Enquiry about Mr. Borden

Why has Mr. Borden, until quite recently so much boo by an enthusiastic Liberal Press, been apparently drop by the Government? It is notable that at a banquet rece given in honour of the Canadian Premier, Mr. Asquith, Lloyd George, and some other ministerial notabilities, were to have been present, did not attend. And now hear no more flourishes of trumpets in the papers ab poor Mr. Borden. Once again we ask significantly—why this?

When will girls and women realise the many arguments
st can be successfully carried against the mode of riding
tride?—or we prefer to use the word "straddle-legged";
r it conveys a much better idea of the deplorable ungrace-
lness of the seat.
Not only is it ungraceful, but at the same time it is most
hygienic, for to put it plainly it is not the natural seat
r the fair sex. We have it on the authority of a well-
own medical man that riding astride is terribly produc-
e of rupture in women; so that if only from a health point
view, the practice is to be condemned. It was imported
om America; and it is one of the very many things which
devoutly wish the Americans would keep to themselves.

* * *

nsatisfactory Mimic Warfare.

What is the real value of the recent Naval manœuvres?
hat do they actually prove? Do they, indeed, prove any-
ing at all?
At the best of times mimic warfare can never be satisfac-
ry. The defending force cannot put that spirit into it
hich would be there if the warfare were real and the
enemy" from across the German Ocean. Nor can the
tackers whole-heartedly identify themselves, in imagina-
n, with a foreign foe.
And one cannot altogether divest one's mind of a suspicion
at there may have been some kind of an understanding.
s not absolutely impossible to arrange that the "enemy"
all secure a strategic "triumph," in order to impress upon
gh-placed landsmen the advisability of strengthening our
et in the home waters.
Nor does it seem too far-fetched a supposition that the
ictory" of the "invaders" may have been intended for
lure to Germany. It may be the notion in some quarters
at the sooner our Teutonic friends attempt the invasion
ey would like to effect, and receive a lesson that will last
em for at least a century, the better. What's the betting
the proposition?

* * *

ed Tapeism in Hospitals.

There are times when the most rigid of rules should admit
exceptions. Take the case of the Dover child who was
dly scalded a week or so back. On the second day the
other took him to the hospital to have the scalds dressed,
e medical officer suggested his becoming an in-patient.
That obviously meant two things—that there was room in
e hospital, and that it was advisable, even if not necessary,
at he should come in. Yet the Rule of Red Tape required
e mother to obtain a ticket before the authorities would
mit nim!
She walked about for three hours with the injured child
search of a ticket, but failed to get one. Then she had
e belated good fortune to meet one of the hospital
overnors, and the baby was admitted. It died, however,
e next day.
The possibility of death having been accelerated, even if
t caused, by those hours of exclusion from the hospital,
nnot be denied. The moral is an obvious one: If the
eedy admission of a patient be necessary, admitted he
ght to be, there and then, ticket or no ticket; and speci-
ly so when such admission is advised by a responsible
ember of the staff. Red Tapeism has got to go!

* * *

espoiling the Whole Country.

There is a healthy species of patriotism which has for its
bject the protection and preservation of ancient monu-
ents and other relics of the past, and the consequent
heckmating of the American mushroom millionaire who
as a mania for despoiling the Old Country of its anti-
ities.
On the other hand, there is the home-grown vandal who
more to be dreaded than the man of multitudinous dollars.
his is the idiot who disfigures ancient masonry and old-time
arvings by incising his commonplace name, together with
e date of the atrocity, or who breaks off portions of stone-
essing or woodwork, and carries them away as trophies or
ementoes.

* * *

It is the same candidate for Hanwell who will scale the
ge of a towering cliff in order that he may dig his initials
to the chalk at a point which no preceding lunatic has
ttained. The regrettable feature in this connection is that
e doesn't, as a rule, break the neck he jeopardises.

THE MODERN MAN.

No. 4.—SIR GEORGE ALEXANDER, L.C.C.

He has wooed Fortune on his knees and has won her favours without bagging his creased-down-the-middle trousers (a fashion set by himself) so that at the age of 54 he is the adored of the gushing girls who go to theatres, not to see plays, but to worship at personal shrines.

Suits and Thoroughness.

Sir George is the loveliest stage lover that ever was. He presses on his suit with the same thoroughness that his valet presses his pants, and nothing could be more perfect. Since in 1878, at the age of 21, he made his debut at Nottingham in Mr. Sydney Grundy's play, "The Snowball," he has gone on adding popularity to himself on the snowball system, one miss bringing another miss to his long list of misses he has succeeded in entrancing in costume or in the frock-coat and silk hat of modern comedy.

He was Henry Irving's "juvenile lead" as long ago as 1881, and it was not until 1890 that he started out on a managerial career that has brought fame and a countless army of photographers to his door. He began at the Avenue, which led to St. James's, where he put on "Lady Windermere's Fan," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray" (with Mrs. Pat. Campbell as the pathetically "pasty" Paula) "The Prisoner of Zenda," "Rupert of Hentzau," "His House in Order," "The Thief," and many another play that has drawn all London.

Understands the Public.

He knows the tricks, and he knows his limitations, and he knows what the public wants.

He confines himself still to the role of juvenile lead, which suits him admirably, although he is approaching the day when he will be an alderman of London County Council, to which august body he succeeded in getting elected in a fit of mental aberration a few years ago.

But it was for his services to the English stage rather than his contribution towards the good government of the metropolis that he received a knighthood. He is one of the very small band of actors who have been so honoured, and he won his spurs rather because of his genius for hitting John Bull's eye—or taste—in the matter of entertainment, than because of any exceptional enterprise.

Grand Air in Two Spheres.

He is a popular hero on the "stage," and he manages to carry his grand air into private and municipal life, so that he is most acceptable as an opener of bazaars or municipal undertakings.

He opened the L.C.C. park at Dulwich and did it delightfully with a sort of "Once-more-into-the-breach, dear friends," spirit.

He is *so* good looking and *so* sweet, and *such* a dear, that everyone was glad when he got on the Council and received his knighthood, and no one is envious of the fact that his wife (who does not act) is one of the best-dressed women in London. And he is *so* careful, too, not to give offence.

Believes in the Censor.

He believes in the Censor, and the Censor believes in him. And so he goes on acting the part of all sorts and conditions of heroes—young and middle-aged heroes—real heroes, tin heroes, and Pineroes. The greatest of these are the Pineroes.

"CHEER, BOYS, CHEER," FOR 60*s*.

A recent bankruptcy case reminds one of the fact that other musicians besides merely comic song writers have earned large sums. Sullivan received £10,000 in royalties from "The Lost Chord." "In Old Madrid" brought its composer £15,000; and for "My Pretty Jane" Bishop received £2,000 a line.

"Alice, Where Art Thou?" was offered to several publishers for a five-pound note, and declined, and "Kathleen Mavourneen" was sold by its composer for that amount. Henry Russell sold "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," for 60 shillings.

THE CAREER OF DUNLOP KANE:

No. II.—A PROSING PROPOSAL.

By ADAM STERN, Author of the Selby Series which proved so popular in "Modern Man."

"Isn't he just lovely!" sighed Miss Virginia Mary Prosing, standing on tiptoe and squeezing her companion's arm in the ecstasy of her enjoyment.

They were two among a throng in the athletic department of Prosing's Emporium, High Holborn—a throng which mainly consisted of ladies—fascinatedly watching a demonstration of the utility of the "Prosing Exerciser," being given by a man in an illuminated, curtained recess.

He was a splendidly proportioned being, with a skin like satin, clad rather fetchingly in a negligently arranged leopard's skin.

"I wonder whoever he can be," sighed Miss Virginia Mary Prosing—for fully the fiftieth time that week, for she had been coming every day since Monday.

"Find out," suggested Mrs. Philip Sydney Brown composedly. "Your poppa runs the shanty, doesn't he? *He* ought to know. Ask *him*!"

Mrs. Philip Sydney Brown was twenty-one—one of the smartest American wives in London.

"Don't be a perfect idiot, Eva," snapped Virginia Mary. "You know as well as I do that if he once caught sight of me here there'd be no end of a shindy. It's a lucky thing for us he hardly ever comes into the shop."

"Lucky thing for you, you mean," said Mrs. P. S. Brown. "Don't blame it on to me—*I* didn't want to come."

"Oh, you fib, Eva! Anyhow, I'm staying with you, so you're responsible. Oh, *do* look at him. If I don't find out who he is, darling, I *know* I shall die!" She pulled round her friend to face her, rosy-cheeked with impulsive decision. "I *will* find out! Eva, you'll have to help me! Listen a moment—I've just thought of the splendidest idea!"

Mrs. Philip Sydney Brown inclined her ear and little Miss Virginia Mary tiptoed that she might whisper into it.

"Well, of all the cool cats!" said Mrs. Philip Sydney Brown.

"It'll come off," nodded Miss Virginia Mary triumphantly. "I bet you anything it does."

* * *

It must not be supposed that Dunlop Kane wholly escaped the embarrassments of popularity. Hardly a girl employed by Prosings but was avowedly or secretly his worshipper. He held them all at bay by his unfailing good humour, by a twinkling derision of eye if their smiles became too patent.

But with the advent of Miss Phœbe Young things took on a sudden change. Miss Phœbe Young had a way with her. She was a new cash-clerk in the athletic department—*petite*, bright-eyed, excessively pert-tongued. From the moment of entering the establishment it was conspicuously apparent that she was captivated by Dunlop Kane. Also he by her.

On the third day after her arrival it was electrically rumoured that they had been seen together at the Exhibition taking supper at one of the cafés.

Closely interlocuted Miss Young refused all information. Thereupon began a general movement for the exclusion of Miss Young in Coventry.

During this time Mr. Prosing, the proprietor, had studiously avoided his latest acquisition. He believed in "leaving well alone." Moreover, while admiring Dunlop Kane's ability, he cordially detested his easy freedom of manner.

Nevertheless, when an event came to light which threatened to shatter his domestic happiness to ruins, and he had no one to whom he could turn for counsel, it was natural that he should bethink him of a personality at his command who had at least given evidence of resourcefulness. He summoned Dunlop Kane to his presence one afternoon at about five o'clock.

"Sit down," said Mr. Prosing, agitatedly. "I-I am greatly upset. I am going to take you into my confidence, Kane, because I-I like you. About three weeks ago my daughter went to stay with some friends of hers in Mayfair. Brown was the name—Philip Sydney Brown—American—people she'd met on the Riviera. Not at all the sort of people I care about, but my wife said they were all right. Dressy, rather. My daughter, you know, is a wilful and rather high-spirited girl. An only child. Spoilt, perhaps. But no harm in her, thank God. I'd stake my life on that!"

"Just so," said Dunlop Kane, with respect for the ot
emotion.

"Well, then"—Mr. Prosing found difficulty in being
—"her pet bull-dog had a fit this morning ——"

"I beg your pardon?" said Dunlop Kane.

"Her pet bull-dog. She's awfully devoted to animals
know. The brute looked like pegging out, so yieldi
my wife's entreaties I called at Mayfair on my way
this morning, intending to send Virginia home in the
Imagine my amazement when I found that the Browns
away. Yachting in the Mediterranean, said the serv
They said I could wireless them, and I did so, and
a reply. Here it is: 'Virginia not with us. Left us
home over a week ago.—Signed, Philip Sydney Br
Now what on earth am I to understand from that? If I in
the police it may prove to be unnecessary, and there
a horrible scandal, a hateful publicity. What would
do under the circumstances?"

"Telephone," said Kane. "Ask everyone I knew."

"I've done so—without any result."

"Then—will you let me have a description of her?"

"I have a photograph, I think," and Mr. Prosing sea
tremblingly in a drawer. He handed it over. Dunlop
studied it, with an untidy brow and a prolonged and
centrated interest. His countenance cleared wonderfull

"Mr. Prosing," he said, and he leisurely looked a
watch, "give me till half-past seven and I'll find her.

"You *will*?" said Mr. Prosing, gasping.

"I will," said Dunlop Kane, with an assurance appr
ing the omnipotent. "Stay here till then, and I'll come
tell you where she is."

* * *

At a minute before seven Phœbe Young blushed radi
Dunlop Kane came up and whispered: "Stay behind
the others. I want to speak to you."

She joined him, when the department was closed,
corner by the curtained recess.

"You'd better go home, Miss Prosing," said Dunlop
! "Eh?" she said.

He scolded her, quite good-humouredly, for abou
minutes.

"My aunt!" she ejaculated, and caught at her und
"What a mess! That idiot Philip! It was he who
me away!"

"Didn't he know?"

"Of course he didn't. Only Eva and me. He th
I had gone home."

"Whatever possessed you to do it is more than
imagine!"

"Well, if you don't know," she protruded a little
and eyed it from various angles, "of course *I* can't tell
go home."

"Don't you be a silly girl," said Dunlop Kane.

"And tell them what? They'd never believe the
and if they did they'd want to know the reason. Th
only one thing for it, Dunny—we shall have to get marr

"Get what?" said Kane.

"'Get married,' I said. You distinctly heard me.
perfectly simple. We just go along to a registry office
get a special license. I know two girls who've don
And then when the knot's tied ——"

"You're a silly little girl," said Kane, "and you're ta
through the top of your head. Do you think I'm goi
act like a cad? Why, I've hardly got tuppence in the w

"I hate you, Dunlop Kane," she said vindictively.
hate you! And I won't go home, I don't care what
say!"

"Oh yes you will!" said a voice at which she gave
to a slight scream. The curtains at their elbow were sh
violently, and Mr. Prosing appeared from the recess.
have overheard all," he said impressively.

"Oh, dad!" said Virginia, recovering, "you are a
spy!"

"You come with me," he said growlingly. "As for
Mr. Kane, we'll talk of this to-morrow."

"I shall expect to be promoted," murmured Kane.

(To be continued.)

ROT IN THE POST OFFICE.

REVEALING A DISGRACEFUL STATE OF AFFAIRS.

Serious indictments recently made in our columns against he methods obtaining in the Post Office at the present time ill doubtless be remembered by our readers; and we may lso bring the recollection of the public to the fact that e promised further startling disclosures in the immediate uture. We are now embodying those additional facts in he present article, for we have happened upon some abso- tely scandalous business with regard to the conduct of the .P.O. and its officials.

Dislike Means Dismissal.

We assert unreservedly that corruption is rife in the postal ervice. If a man, however good a worker he may be, is nfortunate enough to incur the ill-will of his superiors, he ill be dismissed. This is because a new system of discharg- ng civil servants of established position has been introduced nto the Post Office. Men who, for different reasons, have ecome disliked, can under the present "unwritten laws," e discharged for "inefficiency." This, in fact, has been one several times lately; and it is now a deplorable ertainty, unless rigorous legislation be immediately initi- ted, that the "security of tenure"—a system which had ecome general in the Postal service—will be abolished; nd that postal officials, many of them beyond their first outh and possessing records of hard work, will be deprived f their most treasured asset. It is no exaggeration to say hat the present-day arbitrary methods of the Post Office re nothing short of actual tyranny.

"Inefficient" After Twenty-Seven Years.

Not long ago a Mr. Holmes, who had been in the secre- ary's office at the G.P.O. for twenty-seven years, was dis- harged. His dismissal was immediate, and the reason of t was that a moneylender had written to the secretary nentioning a debt of £3, alleged to be owing to him by Mr. Holmes. The upshot of it is that the unfortunate ex- postal official is now branded as "inefficient" (this, if you lease, after twenty-seven years!); is deprived of a pension, nd also of any bonus; and, what is more, a prospective new mployer, on writing to the Post Office, was informed that Mr. Holmes was a bankrupt. The latter statement, bear well in mind, is absolutely untrue!

Mr. Holmes was told that he had been inefficient for several years; but how does this statement hold water, in consideration of the fact that he had received annual ncreases of salary, *with favourable reports?*

Another case comes from Cork. One of the first acts of he new postmaster was an entirely unheard of thing in he annals of the postal service in the City. This was the placing on probation of the entire telegraph-supervising orce. Next, two assistant superintendents and two over- seers were compulsorily retired on the ground of "ineffici- ency." Three of these, we are informed on most trustworthy authority, were particularly able officials, possessing excellent technical knowledge, and well liked by their subordinates. Whether they were equally popular with their superiors admits of doubt—otherwise why were they dismissed?

Two Irksome Alternatives.

Yet another instance of this postal tyranny affects a clerk in the higher division—an Oxford man, who, by the way, has nearly thirty years' service. He has been confronted with two decidedly irksome alternatives—either to go or to take a lower position.

In the face of these facts, we hardly think it admits of the slightest doubt that there is something radically rotten at the core of the G.P.O. Now we wish to point out a distinct injustice to telephone subscribers.

Everyone of these is charged a year's subscription in advance. Now, mark well, if the next year's *advance* sub- scription is a day overdue, the G.P.O. can, and often does, cut a subscriber off without notice or appeal. But, what is even more disgraceful, that body sues him for a *whole year's* subscription in lieu of *three month's notice*! Surely it is time for a nation which proudly boasts of its inherited free- dom, to act instantly and rigorously, against the disgraceful condition of one of its most important national services!

A COUNTERBLAST.

HEADMASTER'S VIEWS ON "EDUCATIONAL FUTILITIES."

The article "Educational Futilities" which appeared last week has roused the ire of many members of the scholastic profession. Stanley St. Leonard, writing, says:—"I agree with you, 'F.B.,' that 'the aim of *elementary* education should be to prepare the child for his entry into the world,' but I strongly maintain that the present system—though not by any means perfect—is doing it with much greater success than you would have the readers of *M.M.* believe.

Inspector and a Date.

"What school have you visited, 'F.B.,' in which the heights of the mountains in South America are taught in feet and inches? I don't say the approximate number of feet above sea-level is not mentioned by the teacher, but he does not insist upon the number being committed to memory.

"It does not matter nowadays to his Majesty's inspectors whether the child remembers the figures so long as he remembers the vastness of the country upon which Everest is as a pimple. An inspector called at my school—I am an elementary head-teacher, by the way—the other day. The subject being taken was history—King John's reign. A child insisted on showing that he knew the date of the signing of Magna Charta. 'Laddie,' said the inspector, 'don't worry your head over the date. What you want to remember is what Magna Charta saved you from.' There it is in a nutshell.

The Most Important Lesson.

"Reading is the most important lesson in our elementary schools to-day—not the art of reading aloud, estimable as it is—but silent reading, reading in the first instance for the sake of gaining information, and secondly, as an educational form of recreation. It is reading so taught that, 'when a child leaves school, he may have both the desire and the equipment (there are public libraries enough in all conscience) to set about acquiring knowledge for himself.' I have quoted 'F B.'s' own words.

"Watch the average child in an elementary school to-day. When the ordinary exercise in arithmetic or writing is done and he has a few minutes to spare, he takes out his book—borrowed from the school library—and reads. Without being told to do so, mind you! Time was when these odd minutes would have been occupied by bending pins and other forms of 'sky-larking.'

"And he's not reading trash. All his books are under the supervision of his Majesty's inspector and his teachers.

Grammar Not Compulsory.

"As regards English Grammar, when did you last see 'The Code'? This little blue book, issued by the Board of Education, distinctly states that the style of analysis and parsing you complain of must not be taught. A teacher guilty of giving 'incredible exercises called parsing and analysis in which children go through an elaborate jugglery of words' would get a severe crack over the knuckles if caught by his Majesty's inspectors. Let me quote from the present Code, 1912, page 2:—

> 'Instruction in grammar should be confined to the higher classes. *If given* it should be directed to enabling the scholars to understand the structure of the sentences, which they speak, read, or write, and the functions of the several words in those sentences, *and should be as free as possible from technicalities.*'

"I object strongly to criticisms which obviously come from outside knowledge. I ask only for a few years' patient waiting on the part of those who criticise the present system, and I am certain that there will be a new race, a race capable of thinking for itself and acting accordingly. Is not the cause of this industrial unrest the waking up of the masses? They are beginning to think. They are waking from sleep, staggering this way and that way. They are not yet able to balance themselves properly, and are being led this way and that by the agitator. Still, many are finding their feet and keeping them, and in a few years' time the British workman and workwoman will have done with the professional spouter and say, as they listen: 'Yes, a very fine speech, but I know just as much about it as you do, Mr. Agitator.'"

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

WOMEN'S GAMBLING HELLS.

A GREAT HIDDEN EVIL IN THE WEST END.

LONDON DISGRACE SPOTS.—NO. 2.

There is no doubt whatever that the spirit of gambling has an enormously strong grip on the British people. Every class, from the highest to the lowest, is addicted to the craze; but their methods of gratifying their tastes differ widely. The wealthy person will spend lengthy periods at Monte Carlo or elsewhere, or buy a racing stable; the working man will have sixpenny bets "each way" on his fancy; and the man of moderate means will join a gambling club.

We on *Modern Man* are by no means would-be curtailers of the public liberty in whatever direction their tastes may lie. If a man wants to have a flutter on the course or put a shilling or two on a roulette board somewhere in Soho, by all means let him do it. So long as it is his own money it concerns him alone.

An Important Reservation.

But in this regard we make one important reservation. We say with the utmost seriousness that gambling on the part of women, no matter what be their financial position or their social status, should be punished by law far more severely than it is. Just in the same way as drinking to excess creates a far greater moral degradation in women than in men, so does a woman gamble, once she has really caught the fever, far more desperately than a member of the stronger and more level-headed sex.

We say this because we consider that the time is ripe for the exposure of a very grave scandal—an evil that carries a definite and imminent danger to hundreds—nay thousands—of British homes. We are referring to the gambling "hells"—there is no other word for them—which exist all over the country, but chiefly in the West End of London, mainly for women.

They cater for every class of woman, from the poorest to the richest, but more especially for the latter. And the state of affairs has brought, and is bringing, about so many evil ramifications that we consider it vital to the national good that these ramifications should be pointed out.

The Shark and His Prey.

Let it be noted first of all that the woman who gambles is not usually the woman who is overburdened with money *of her own*. She is generally the type who is given a very fair allowance for dress, etc., by her husband, but who is so extravagant that it is not enough. Thus it is that she takes to gambling.

It is on this kind of woman that the shark who promotes gambling hells preys to the greatest extent. He is generally well connected, but a waster, one who has been through the usual routine of public school and university life. There he has imbibed that deplorably widespread conviction of the public school type, that work, especially in "trade" (horrid word!), is not to be thought of. Thus he looks about for some easy and lucrative means of acquiring money without work. Just such a man as this was recently prosecuted for keeping a gambling den—a case which will probably be fresh in our readers' memory.

The first step is to take a large house, generally in a fashionable part of London. It must be somewhere between Bond Street and the confines of Kensington proper, or the "faddy" woman that the promoter wants will not be drawn into his net. Preferably he will take this house furnished, paying a month's rent in advance (which he does out of the "entrance fees" of the members of his "club"), or if he cannot do this he furnishes it lavishly on the "hire system."

Consulting the "Fates."

Obtaining the requisite kind of lady members is easy. He simply buys addresses. He buys them from the various fashionable "soothsayers" whose advertisements are carried on the shoulders of sandwichmen throughout the West End. The "soothsayers" hardly ever make a very high charge for the addresses of his clients, for a very good reason, which we will explain.

The women who go to fortune-tellers are just the kind who gamble most feverishly and recklessly. Furthermore, they are of the silly type, who will consult the "Fates" to ascertain how they shall play, what colour they shall back, how much money they shall risk, and so forth, especially the latter.

Thus the "soothsayer" realises that the more he encou
ages his clients to gamble, the more frequently will th
come to him. Again, when questioned as to how mu
money they should "speculate" with on such and such
night, he is careful to mention a pretty heavy figure. T
distinctly disgraceful reason for this is that he draws a co
mission on it from the accommodating gambling den p
prietor.

That is why he usually makes no charge for disclosi
his lady clients' identity—a thing, mark you, which
pledged himself not to do. In a word, gambling hell p
moters and fashionable fortune-tellers are hand-and-glo
together. In fact, there is one man who runs one establis
ment of each kind under different names—or rather *alias*
for neither of them is his real name. And, unhappily,
makes a very considerable income out of it.

Seeking a Moneylender.

It is easy to see the horrible results of this gambling
the part of women. Unmarried girls with fathers, and old
women with husbands, who would sternly discountenan
such habits, deceive their parent or their spouse as the ca
may be. What is more, they invariably lose so heavily as
get into debt. And, sadly enough, though easily understoo
their husband or father is the last man they would thi
of going to in their trouble. This is where another fo
shark comes in—the moneylender.

There is always one—sometimes more, but not often
among the members of the club, and it is worthy of no
that he is there every night. He never misses.

In most cases he is a "gentleman" in the sense of bree
ing, but not in moral character. Sometimes he is mere
the paid representative of a principal who does not show
—in other words, a superior sort of "tout."

When a lady loses and is observed to look worried—wom
cannot conceal their feelings in this respect as most m
can—this usurer will engage her in conversation. He
of course, known to her as a fellow-member, and she loo
upon him as a gentleman, though probably her husba
would be able to see through him.

Offer to Become "Banker."

"Been losing, Mrs. So-and-So?" says this engaging in
vidual to her; and she gives a miserable affirmative.
replies with well-acted courteous sympathy, asks her if
cannot be her "banker"—and the end of it is that she sig
a promissory note for a large sum that represents intere
very likely at many hundreds per cent.

Later on, when the bill becomes due, he puts pressure
her—for she can hardly ever pay—gradually at first, an
then more and more cruelly. Sometimes she has jeweller
which she sells or pawns, and sometimes she has not eve
this way out. In the latter case she is forced to adopt a
even more terrible expedient.

It is not necessary to elaborate this particular phase
the evil under discussion, beyond the statement, which w
make with the entire confidence of definite knowledge, th
an appalling percentage of the divorce suits between fashion
able people are directly due to women's gambling hells.

Silly Girls of the Stage.

Another side of the question takes us to a different wa
of life. A great many of these West End gambling den
are frequented by silly girls who have gone on the stag
instead of doing the work that they were really fitted for
to wit, shorthand and typewriting. These poor litt
creatures think it is the right thing to live in a small fla
which they find they cannot keep up on their earnings o
the stage. To their credit, they recoil from the usual alter
native—but they seek to increase their income by gambling
But, of course, they lose, and soon find themselves in deb
to the promoter. And for them the moneylender will d
nothing, for they, poor things, have "no security." Conse
quently the majority of them are driven to the more commo
course, immorality, or else to suicide. There have been
several cases of such suicides lately; but the real truth
has not been made public—that gambling losses were the
cause of most of them.

We say with the deepest earnestness that the scoundrel—
he is nothing less—who promotes gambling hells for women
should be punished with the sentence of the worst type o
criminal.

THE WRONG PORT.

met the girl at Margate, and they straightway fell in
Their thoughts were lifted up from earth to nobler
above. His name was Edgar Browning Carr and hers
ate M'Gee. These names alone are proof of their
tability.

y spent their time—as lovers do—in strolling on the
in boating, concerts on the pier, in spooning and in
Their week sped by until at length the climax came,
e said, "Darling, will you be my wife?" and she
l, "Oui, Oui." She made one stipulation (very proper
part) and that was that he'd ask her father for her
and heart. So, 'twas finally decided that a month
Mr. Carr would go to Newport (where she lived) to
ew papa.

time arrived, and Romeo departed on the job. (The
y fare, I ought to state, was thirty-seven "bob.") Alas!
ver found them, though he searched with all his
He had got to Newport (Mon.) instead of Newport
f Wight).

* * *

"SONG OF THE SANDS."

he North African desert at some times in the year
ous phenomenon can be heard.
s the "song of the sands."
one can say whence this song comes, but it is due to
pherical conditions.
re are two distant sounds; one is like the wind in
aph poles, the other like the after reverberation of
striking clock.
ing the time the "song of the sands" can be heard
of the sand dunes when trodden on give out a hollow,
ike sound, and where the surface of the desert is
ed with sandstone a tinkling noise is heard when this
lden on.

* * *

e Father: See here, you young scamp. I heard you
g my daughter when I came in!"
nk Youth: Pardon me, sir, your wife!

* * *

WORLD'S BIGGEST WONDERS.

ording to a vote taken among a thousand prominent
of science throughout the world by a Chicago maga-
wireless telegraphy is considered the greatest of the
wonders of the modern world. The following list
the order of importance of the seven achievements
are considered the most wonderful: 1, Wireless; 2,
Telephone; 3, The Aeroplane; 4, Radium; 5, Antisep-
nd Antitoxins; 6, Spectrum Analysis; 7, X-Rays.

* * *

never saw a man so violently opposed to capital as
les, the Labour leader," said the foreman reader.
hat about him?" asked Chequer.
hy, he won't even use capital letters in spelling his
ame," replied the foreman.

* * *

re is a famine in cat's-meat in London, and the basic
of it has been explained by a cat's-meat man at Clap-
"A dead horse," he said, "is as rare nowadays as
d donkey. We cannot get the meat from the horse-
hterers. Horses are getting scarce, because of motor-
and when a horse does get too old to work they send
one of these homes."
tunately, however, relief is imminent, and there will
be no need for the nightly protest meetings which have
held on every roof.

* * *

HEART ON AN ARM.

a City inquest on an unknown man whose body was
in the Thames, a divisional surgeon said one of the
bore a number of tattoo marks. There was a bust
young woman with the letters "L. K. H.," and be-
it was a tombstone and a heart with an arrow through

doctor hazarded the opinion that the picture was of the
n the man loved, and the tombstone was added after
ted him.

AN AWKWARD "PERHAPS."

It was at the funeral of a man who had left his young and attractive helpmeet a widow for the third time. At the time of his death their clergyman was away on a holiday, and in his emergency the Rev. Dr. Blank was called in.

A neighbour instructed him hastily as to the admirable qualities of the deceased, his benevolence, piety and kind disposition, and gave him some interesting information as to his family relations.

During the funeral discourse no outsider would have suspected that the clergyman had not been a life-long friend of the dead man. When, however, he came to mention the widow in his prayer, it was evident that his data in regard to her had become a trifle confused. He said:

"And now we commend to Thy care this widowed handmaid, who has been bereaved again and again and again." Then hesitating an instant, he added, "And perhaps again."

* * *

The man who would climb the ladder of fame mustn't linger too long on each round of applause.

* * *

SCARCITY OF MEERSCHAUM.

Meerschaum is said to be becoming scarcer. It seems that the mines of Asia Minor are showing signs of impoverishment.

Meerschaum is commonly supposed to be a product of the sea, but this is not correct. It can be found floating about the Black Sea, for its specific gravity is only 1,279 at the maximum; but scientists are generally agreed that what is found on the waters had been washed away from its matrix. Meerschaum is in reality a form of magnesium, and before it is made into pipes has to go through many processes, one being boiling.

* * *

Men never make mistakes—after the undertaker gets busy with them.

* * *

Most people who claim to want justice may be thankful they don't get it.

* * *

ACTOR ATHLETES.

Mr. Norman Trevor, the well-known actor, who represented England in the running races at the Olympic Games, was for ten years champion runner of India, where he was in the jute trade, before he became an actor, and once performed the feat of running a mile, walking a mile, and riding on horseback a mile in 18 minutes 22 seconds.

Of course, there are and have been other distinguished actor-athletes.

Among the older generation are Mr. F. R. Benson and Mr. C. Aubrey Smith.

The former is an old Oxford athletic "Blue," and won the three miles race in the inter-University sports, while Mr. Smith was for several years a regular member of the Sussex cricket eleven, and captained English teams visiting Australia and South Africa.

John Goodall, the ex-Preston North End and Derby County footballer, is a popular music-hall turn with a revolving wheel act, and Fred Hayes, the Surrey cricketer, is also well known in variety-land.

Mr. Basil Foster, the Worcestershire cricketer and racquets player, is rapidly coming to the front at the Gaiety Theatre, while Mr. N. A. Knox, the ex-Surrey fast bowler, is expected to make a name on the operatic stage.

Mr. George Robey is a member of the M.C.C. and a clever footballer, while Mr. Arthur Conquest has won many prizes at the Music Hall Sports.

* * *

OLD ADAM'S NEGLECT.

Had Adam been a gallant man
  Of Chesterfield politeness,
It might have changed the whole world's plan
  Transforming gloom to brightness;
We might have all been saved from harm,
  From heartaches most appalling,
Had Adam with an outstretched arm
  Prevented Eve from falling.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

29.—A "CASH WITH ORDER" SWINDLE.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

Far be it from me to say a word that might even have a tendency to restrict the range of any enterprising swindler. I run no risk of doing anything of that kind in repeating that the advertising columns of the great London dailies, especially those that claim the largest circulietion—I mean circulation—are the happy hunting-ground of the unscrupulous and the fraudulent; for nothing that anybody could say in favour of more supervision of advertisements before their acceptance would weigh against cash paid in advance of their insertion.

"When hard up for a swindle, swindle by advertisement" is a sound motto, and on that I have often acted on. My most systematic and most successful enterprise in this connection was the establishment and conduct for one month of the "Yorkshire and West of England Cloth Manufacturers and London Tailors' National Combine."

Gem of the First Water.

It took me three days to plan out the whole scheme, draft my advertisement, and take furnished offices in Cheapside. Renting those by the quarter, and only requiring them for a month—which was exactly the time I gave the Combine in my calculations before it must bust—of course I paid nothing for these offices at all. Once they were in my possession, or I was in possession of them, I was ready to start.

The first thing was to catch a flat to pay for the Combine's advertisements. I fished for him in a paper. Several nibbled, and one swallowed the bait. I landed him. All I had to do was to convince him that the Combine was a genuine thing, was going to clear a small profit on thousands of deals, and make no bad or doubtful debts—sign a paper declaration that he was to take half profits, and that his liability was strictly limited to his expenditure on ads—and the trick was done.

He was so pleased that he wouldn't have any work to do for his profits; that he wouldn't even have to come up to town, except to check the accounts and draw his share of the spoils whenever he liked; and I was equally pleased that my partner was to be a sleeping partner. I certainly didn't want a wide-awake one.

That displayed announcement of the Yorkshire and West of England Cloth Manufacturers and London Tailors' National Combine was a daisy—a gem of the first water, "of purest ray serene." I modelled it somewhat on the Royal Proclamation patterns; phrased it much in the *Daily Mail* leading article style of bombast—a sort of combination of Yankee Doodle and Rule Britannia.

Intermediate Profits Abolished.

In the whole long history of the sartorial art, from the days of the fig leaves of Adam and Eve, nothing had ever been attempted that could for a moment be compared with what the Combine had accomplished in the way of co-operation, and was going to accomplish in the way of clothing the millions of England, Scotland, Wales and Ireland.

All intermediate profits in the tailoring trade were abolished. The owners of the biggest cloth mills in the kingdom had united with the most fashionable tailors and cutters of the metropolis. The reign had begun of a rational, national system of garbing the human form divine. As regards measurements, only six were necessary. All that the clients of the National Combine had to do was to supply the answers to six leading questions (here they were tabulated). In order to give these answers, everybody could measure himself—a piece of string would do. An absolutely perfect fit was of course guaranteed. The customer was to be his own judge.

It he had the slightest fault to find, to get his money back he had only to ask for it, in instant exchange for the return of his clothes. So perfect was the system of fitting specially and exclusively designed by the Combine, that the directors had decided, in justice to that system, to make nothi whole suits, in order to prevent, as far as possible, the ing of any garment of the Combine's cut in combi with any other garment not of the Combine's cut, latter could only mar the beauty of the "*tout ensem*

Softening the Blow.

As regards style of suit, evening dress included, the had only to give it a name. As regards quality and p here came in the pre-eminent advantage of the Na Combine. Owning or controlling the chief sour manufacture and supply, the Combine undertook to and provide any cloth in the world of which the sn snippet was sent to their clerical and administrative in Cheapside as a sample. In default of a sample, customer would merely give the Combine an idea of t of thing he wanted, the Combine would see that he The Combine would be responsible for anything and thing. The guarantee of "money returned if dissati held good in all contingencies.

The question of cost was approached as though tha were so small as scarcely to be worth mentioning. Tw five shillings for a suit of any description—any me ments, any style, any cloth. One uniform price of tw five shillings, cash with order. The Combine were obli make "cash with order" a *sin qua non*. I infused in advertisement a subtle sort of suggestion that the Na Combine were cutting profits so fine, giving such treme value for money, that a single bad debt of the pric single suit would reduce their annual profits to *nil*, an front them with bankruptcy. I had to make it clear b the possibility of a doubt that no order without th would be executed, and that was how I softened the b

Scheme of Free Gifts.

One thing more, and that lovely ad. wound up—w bang, so to speak. To popularise the undertaking its first day, the directors had organised a petri paralysing scheme of free gifts. They had purchase hundred thousand of the best flannel shirts. With of the first one hundred thousand suits would be pres unconditionally, one pair of these flannel shirts, se to correspond with the measurements of the suit. A s clothes and two flannel shirts delivered carriage pa any door for twenty-five shillings!

For at least a full week I had nothing to fear, and n whatever to do, but to open letters and take out m After that a daily increasing number of complaints o delivery came rolling in. I was quite ready for Every day I troubled less and less about them, for day more and more "cash with order" letters were arr The ratio was going up with every post. I attribute increase, in part, to the fact that I was now adver "unsolicited testimonials from gratified clients," these gratifying and convincing documents from all over the kingdom.

Warding Off Threateners.

But complaints multiplied. So did threats. I various ways of mollifying complainers and wardi threateners. It wasn't so difficult, for I was only pl against time, and time was shortening. Of all original with remittances I denied the receipt. The Post must be to blame. I would institute immediate inq —"please do the same at your end." That was a good enough for several days' delay. Presently, still ing receipt, on behalf of the Combine, I generously acc responsibility for the loss, and would execute the subject to the sanction of the Board at their next me I was only the secretary, or London general mana sometimes one, sometimes the other. More delay. last resort, as a rule, cloth of the particular pattern wa of stock at the moment,

When Danger Was Imminent.

So the month I had allowed myself wore away, the of cash never ceasing. When danger became too immi as it did in a few cases, I staved it off by returning m or sending slop suits and flannelette shirts I bought cheap ready-made clothiers. It was by proving that sent clothes of some sort or sent back money, that I able to get rid of the police when they called.

There are plenty of genuine advertising tailoring who do a large business by post, with entire satisfacti their customers. I doubt whether one of them has ever such a large month's business as I did—with entire faction to myself. When the month was up I hooked

THE BEGINNING OF LOVE.

AN EAST-END SKETCH.

It is nearing the fag-end of Saturday night. Stalls, lit by ring, hissing naphtha lamps, line the roadway. Brisk ppmen stand outside their respective establishments, ratively inviting purchase and exchanging good-natured with rival shopman in the manner of cross-talk ians.

p the road comes a little gang of lads. Down the road nes a line of befeathered factory girls.
The two gangs collide, and a human whirlpool forms. eethes violently for a few moments, then subsides. A l and a lad are left staring aggressively at each other.
"Nah then!" exclaims the girl, panting angrily.
"Nah then!" the lad echoes, derisively, assuming a shrill setto voice. "Oh, what a 'orrid man I am!"
"Oo do you think you're shovin'?" she demands.
"Missus Pankhurst!" he replies, with prompt wit.
"You keep on," advises the girl, "you keep on, and some y you'll be as funny as you look."
The lad searches his mind for an effective reply. None ting itself, he merely wrinkles his nose in ridicule.
"You leave me alone, Fat-face!" orders the girl, daringly llowing up her advantage.
"I 'ave left you alone!" he protests, regarding the girl th dawning favour. "What's your name?" he adds ddenly.
"Nothin' to do with you!" she replies tartly.
"Well, strike me!" implores the youth, addressing the ies. "That's polite—I don't think!"
"Well, what's yourn, then?" she asks. In reply, he pro- ets his tongue.
In the meantime friends become impatient. "Oh, come !", cry his companions; while her friends, sauntering on, ll over their shoulders "'Ave you caught a sweetheart, iza? Better 'old 'im tight!"
Once again his friends appeal to him. "Are you comin', harlie?" they ask.
He hesitates, replying angrily. Levelling much satire at the , the lads move off down the road.
"Liza!" croons Charlie, in triumph.
"Yus," she rejoins, pointing a forefinger at him, "and urn's Charlie!"
"Comin' up the road?" he asks.
"Don't care," she replies, coquettishly.

* * *

Sunday afternoon a month later.
Charlie is awkwardly conscious of new clothes. He strolls nlessly up and down at the street corner, pausing occa- onally to tap his new yellow boots with a whippy little cane. Presently 'Liza hurries to him. She is arrayed in a toilette extreme brilliance, and the blue feathers in her hat nod yously.
Something is weighing heavily on Charlie's mind, and cause proves to be a small, plush-covered box which he duces gingerly from his waistcoat pocket.
"Oh here you are, 'Liza," he says, handing it to her with unconcern.
"Oo!—not the ring!" she cries, with awe in her tone.
"Yes, the ring," he replies, proudly. "Four-and-a-tanner for it."
To the wonderment of three small spectators, she throws r arms impulsively round Charlie's neck and hugs him eartily.
"And now that we've done business for the time being," ys Charlie, presently, "where saall we go?"
"Anywheres," she replies absently. She is busy trying make the sun glint on the peculiar stone in her ring.
"Righto!" he agrees cheerily. "And now we shan't be ng!"
"Shan't be long 'afore what, Charlie?" she asks, artlessly.
"'Afore we stands up in front of the parson, and I says Yus, your honner, I will, s'welp me!"
She walks by his side for some distance in silence, her ind contemplating the rapt vision he has conjured up. uddenly she takes his arm in a tense grip.
"Charlie, you're sure you'll always love me and—and all hat?" she whispers.
"Charlie," she murmurs, "I am glad now I didn't smack our face for you that night we first met. I nearly give you uch a one-er." She leans slightly towards him. "Charlie," he adds, invitingly, "there ain't no one looking, just at resent, you know."

TABLOID PARS.

GLEANINGS FROM HERE AND THERE.

Tea leaves in Siam are never used for a beverage, but are rolled into balls and chewed.

* * *

Several thousand bees took possession of a bedroom at Blackburn in the absence of the tenant.

* * *

A white thrush was shot in Henley (Suffolk) Vicarage garden, and has been presented to Ipswich Museum.

* * *

"It's the only pleasure I have in life," said a South Shields hawker, in explaining to a magistrate his love for beer.

* * *

After walking 170,000 miles Mr. John Baker, a Coventry rural postman, has retired on pension with a record of 42 years' service.

* * *

A motor-cyclist has ridden to the top of Snowdon. This is stated to be the first occasion on which such a feat has been accomplished.

* * *

A farmer who sued his son for threats at Cootehill Petty Sessions complained that he was compelled by his wife to sleep in the hen-roost.

* * *

A farmer who was caught in a bog at Poughkeepsie, New York, was saved by a pet dog, who brought aid just as he had sunk to his chin in the mire.

* * *

The total receipts collected during 1911 by the various places of amusement in Paris exceeded £2,200,000. The poor fund benefits to the extent of £240,000.

* * *

There is no other twenty miles of river near so great a city so well stocked and preserved as the Thames from London to Staines, says the *Fishing Gazette*.

* * *

Cigarette smoking in public places became "bad form" among the local Chinese at Shanghai recently, and the cumbersome native pipe came into vogue once more.

* * *

The language of a prisoner in Ealing Police Station on Sunday night was so lurid that it was found necessary to plug up the ventilators and gratings to prevent the people returning from church being scandalised.

* * *

In Mr. Justice Eve's court a few days ago a witness said that he was grieved to state that he was born in 1856. His lordship: No, no, don't grieve. That is a very good year to be born in. I was born in that year myself.

* * *

A hen whose chicks were removed from her at Playford, Suffolk, discovered a cat with four kittens. She turned the mother out and took charge of the kittens, who are as much at home with her as with their mother, whom the hen allows into the nest to suckle her young.

* * *

A favourite dog, named Phébus, belonging to a druggist at Toulon, has had such a funeral as few dogs can expect to have. A sign was placarded outside the shop where Phébus had been a familiar figure to the effect that it was closed for the day in sign of mourning. "Phébus is dead; killed by some brute."

* * *

A great cockfight recently took place in a gravel pit at Benburb, in the presence of several hundreds of spectators from the Counties Armagh, Tyrone, and Monagahan.

The fights, which began at 3 a.m., were continued until about 10 a.m. One enthusiast, over 90 years of age, declared that he "could die in peace," because the bird representative of his county was the winner.

* * *

In Hove Cemetery have just been laid side by side the bodies of two life-long friends—Frank Washington, licensee of the Kendal Arms, Hove, and James Farrell, of Hove.

Born in the same year, 1866, they were educated at the same school and remained close friends ever after.

Both were taken on the same day to the Sussex County Hospital for operations, and both operations took place on the same day.

Both died on the same day, and both were buried on the same day in the same plot of ground.

MY NOTE BOOK.

Wonder how many of my readers have received letters from two or more friends residing in the same town or village in which have been related the facts of some important local event or events. Those who have will readily agree that the length of an epistle is no sure sign that it contains the most information. Some writers can tell more in ten lines than others can accomplish in double or treble the number. They ignore garbage, simply confining themselves to salient points, after the fashion I intend doing this week in reporting on the various offers made by *Modern Man* to *Modern Man* readers.

BADGE OF THE SEASON.

The Athletic Badge.—Still a big demand, and just now a tremendous number should be seen at our seaside resorts. The wearers are on holiday. The prices are: Costume badge, 1s. 6d.; hat or cap badge, 1s.

* * *

Bands for straw hats, ties, and mufflers in League colours.—Write Messrs. Gamage, Holborn, London, E.C. The hat-band is sent post free for 1s. 4½d. The ties, narrow and wide ended, can be had for 1s. 5½d. and 2s. 5½d. respectively, and the muffler will cost you 4s. 11d. These are the cheapest possible rates.

* * *

"Nice Place" Postcards and Specimen Copies.—As many readers are able to vouch for, applications are promptly attended to.

The Wire Service.—Still going merrily, the overnight message being much appreciated.

Modern Man Fountain Pens.—Going strong.

* * *

"MODERN MAN'S" LATEST EXCHANGE.

I now come to a subject of exclusive interest to motor and pedal cyclists, so confirmed non-wheelers may skip this if they wish. On page 1203 full particulars will be found of an exchange bureau which we have established solely for the benefit of readers wishing to sell or exchange motor or ordinary cycles.

I may say that *Modern Man's* latest offer is the outcome of a couple of letters received this week, one being from "Motorist" (Birmingham), who wrote:—

Dear Mr. Editor,

As you now make a feature in your valuable paper of motor and pedal cycling notes, I have been thinking that if you started something in the way of an exchange bureau it would be greatly appreciated by quite a crowd of *Modern Man* readers. Sometime ago you told us never to hesitate in sending in an idea; so, considering mine good, I submit it. If you decide to adopt it and make a charge I feel certain it will be well taken advantage of, but, of course, the whole matter rests with you. *Modern Man* in its new form is a real treat, and I wish you the best of luck."

To "Motorist" I extend my very best thanks both for his suggestion and good wishes. As will be seen by the cycling page, *Modern Man* makes no charge for the use of the bureau, and the only stipulations are that a reader makes his requirements known in not more than twenty words, and attaches to his communication a coupon to be found on the cycling page.

Non-wheelers may now resume.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT AND COWARDS.

No man or boy likes to be thought a coward by his mates. Yet there are some who for the life of them cannot help turning sick and faint when suddenly confronted by danger. To these a correspondent tenders some advice which he says "has proved useful to at least one, namely, myself: "A boy or man who is suffering from the sensation of cowardice, which is often not cowardice at all, but a kind of frightened shyness, should take up all kinds of vigorous sport and exercise which brings him in contact with his fellows.

"He should get some good man with his fists to teach him to box, and if he finds himself forced into a fight, let him strive with might and main to conquer his fear."

As I expected, quite a number of readers written welcoming the return of Mr. Stern, and stating how pleased they were the first of new series of articles on Career of Dunlop Kane."

R.S. (Plymouth) writes: "As one admirers of the Selby articles I am gla Mr. Adam Stern is again contributing a to your splendid pennyworth, and in this I feel confident I am only voicin feelings of thousands of other readers."

Communications from friends are a welcome, so "C.T.J." (Leicester) need no fear that he will be wasting my ti boring me. I thank him for his kind re about *Modern Man* and what he is doing for it.

* * *

NEWS FROM SOUTH AFRICA.

This week I am able to give extracts fr interesting epistle penned by an old sup across the seas. "M.P.A." is in South A and I am very pleased to hear of his su At one time in Germiston, where he te *Modern Man* sells well, he is now in Johannesburg. country he says: "It is delightful, and I am not anxious to get back to the Old Country. Johanne is a very fine town, and the people here are very so and great sports. The shop assistants are very well for, an eight-hour day being in force. Wednesday is closing—1 p.m.—and on Saturdays shops are open till The salaries paid are excellent, a clever window-d being able to earn as much as from £25 to £40 a The climate is fine.

"Great interest is being taken in the doings o cricketers and tennis players, also the Olympic team. popular opinion here is that we shall come out third triangulars. Individually, South Africa stands in the rank of sporting nations, but collectively we bow the to America, England and Australia."

* * *

MEN WHO HAVE REFUSED £ S. D.

The article given last week on fo amassed by authors was at least inte to one reader—"P.L." (Bristol)—becau has followed it up by sending me interesting facts about men who have re to write for magazines despite big offers of payment.

"Although the late Mr. Gladstone," he writes, "wro the magazines and reviews he only did so when h inclined or when he had something which he very spe wished to say, and no offer, however tempting, could suade him to put pen to paper unless he felt some necessity or call.

"The editor of a certain Transatlantic paper wrote "G.O.M." for a contribution, offering him an unhe sum at that time if he would accede to his request. Gladstone refused, and the editor actually sent him a cheque asking him to fill it up for himself and to na own price. Even this failed to draw Mr. Gladstone returned the cheque as blank as it came.

* * * * *

WHERE ELEPHANTS HELP MASONS.

A correspondent, who has had some e ence on tea plantations, informs me elephants are employed to aid in building structions by keeping the masons sup with blocks of stone. If the wall be no high, these clever workers will not take up the block will lay it in place quite correctly. There is on record case of one Cingalese elephant who was regularly emp in this way under the orders of an overseer. The ma accustomed to signal the elephant as to its work, and one block had been "passed," he would silently accor elephant permission to proceed with the next one to be

"Once this elephant placed himself against a porti a wall in such a way that the overseer was prevented examining that part of the job. The man insisted upo animal moving aside. The animal, seeing that his rus failed, immediately began to pull down the wall he ha built, which, he was evidently aware, was badly don the very point where he had tried to conceal it fro eye of the overseer."

YOUR EDITO

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF THE SEASIDE.

SOME USEFUL HINTS TO HOLIDAY MAKERS.

In view of the fact that an increasingly large number of pleasure-seekers go down to seaside resorts without the slightest idea of what they are going to see or do there, we have thought of the plan of giving, shortly, the principal facilities of some of our most popular seaside towns from time to time.—Ed.]

GREAT YARMOUTH.

Situated—as not all of us are aware—on a tongue of sand blown up by the sea in a prehistoric age, Great Yarmouth combines three excellent requirements for the holiday-maker, to wit, it is one of the healthiest resorts, possesses all kinds of interesting associations, and caters abundantly for followers of sport.

Golfers, especially, will be pleasantly surprised at the excellence and sporting character of the 18-hole course on the North Denes. This is one of the most extensive in England, and the greens are kept in beautiful order.

Cricket, lawn-tennis, croquet, and bowls (a very popular pastime in Norfolk) can be played in the recreation grounds provided for the public.

Theatre-goers will find entertainment in the variety performances in the pavilion of the Britannia Pier, also at the town theatre, where musical comedy and other companies may be seen weekly. There are several well-appointed and inexpensive picture palaces as well.

Boating is one of the main attractions of Great Yarmouth is the excellent "broads" (Ormesby is the nearest), a day's fishing or sailing can be had very cheaply. If you are not a very expert yachtsman, however, be careful of the tides, which often run very strongly and trickily.

The Yarmouth races will take place on the 18th and 19th of September.

BLACKPOOL.

SPORT: Cricket is played by the Blackpool Club (a very good team, on the Whitegate Drive Ground. The Great Bowling Tournament of England is held at Blackpool. There are two Golf Clubs, the Blackpool Golf Club, at the southern end of the borough, close to the trams (particulars from the secretary, Golf Club House, Squire's Gate, North Shore); and the North Shore Golf Club at the Gynn (secretary, Golf Club House, Cornwall Avenue). Both are 18 holes. Swimming, billiards (Blackpoolites are very "hot stuff" at this), and other pastimes are plentifully provided.

AMUSEMENTS: The Pleasure Beach is a kind of Earl's-Court-cum-White-City affair. There is a water chute, a miniature railway, a "Velvet Coaster," river caves (a subterranean voyage along an artificial waterway), and a fine battle-panorama building wherein a representation of the fight during the American Civil War, between the "Monitor" and the "Merrimac" may be witnessed. The Tower, which stands 518 feet high, provides at its base, a very fine ball-room, where variety concerts are given in the afternoon, and dancing takes place at night, a "China Town" show, "roof garden," where bands play twice daily, an aquatic and variety show, a big menagerie, a restaurant, and a billiard saloon. The theatres are as follows:—The Palace (varieties, etc.), the Grand Majesty's Opera House, the Grand Theatre (London companies weekly), the Hippodrome (a combination of variety and bioscope), and various other picture palaces.

MARGATE.

This resort is so well-known to most people that it will need little comment. Good sea-angling may be had from the pier-head and a lot of line fishing is done as well. There are several cricket clubs. Alfresco variety entertainments are numerous. Golfers may think it worth while to take a short train journey to Sandwich, to view the famous links. Folkestone races (held at Westenhanger Park) are within easy reach; and take place on the 12th and 13th of August, and the 5th and 6th of September.

LLANDUDNO.

Known to fame as the fogless resort, enjoying a comparative immunity from them. Sand modelling competitions are arranged every summer and handsome prizes are given. Mixed bathing is allowed. Bathing from machines on the beach is entirely safe at all states of the tide. Fish are plentiful and good both in fresh and salt water. There are several public recreation grounds where in their proper seasons cricket, tennis, bowls, football, and hockey can be played. The golfer, too, is well provided for.

The Pier Company gives splendid orchestral concerts twice daily during the season, either at the Pier Head or in the Pavilion. The Happy Valley, a natural amphitheatre in the hollow of a rock at Great Orme, is the scene of an open-air performance every afternoon by a troupe of minstrels.

TEIGNMOUTH.

Teignmouth is one of the largest watering-places in Devonshire. Convenient for coaching excursions over Dartmoor. The Teign is navigable for boating for a distance of six miles. There is good river and sea fishing. The sands are said to be the driest and safest in the West.

SPORTS: Tennis, badminton, golf, bowls, sea and river fishing, and water polo.

TRIPS AND EXCURSIONS: By steamers, motor-launches and motor chars-a-bancs.

AMUSEMENTS: Alfresco concerts, bands, variety palace, and entertainments in the Pier Pavilion.

DOUGLAS (I.O.M.).

The water here is said to be the clearest in the United Kingdom; and bathing, boating, and sea fishing offer special attractions. Several streams swarm with white and brown trout; and no unreasonable restrictions are imposed upon the taking of them.

Much enjoyment is afforded by the 4½ hours' steamer trip round the Isle of Man, promoted by the I.O.M. Steam Packet Company. This organisation issues monthly or fortnightly saloon contract tickets enabling the holder to take a variety of trips during the respective periods. Last year two old gentlemen (91 and 80 years of age), took a monthly ticket each, at a cost to each of £2 7s. 6d., and made the following record:—

11	return trips between Liverpool and Douglas,	1,760 miles.
7	return trips between Douglas and Dublin,	1,316 miles.
4	return trips between Douglas and Belfast,	736 miles.
3	return trips between Douglas and Ardrossan,	780 miles.
1	return trip between Douglas and Llandudno,	124 miles.
1	return trip between Douglas and Warrenpoint	150 miles.
	Total	4,866 miles.

INSUFFICENT EVIDENCE.

During the prosecution of a publican for selling whisky during prohibited hours, the constable who made the capture was in court, and the bottle with the capsule unbroken was at the judge's side.

After hearing the evidence the jury retired, but soon came back again into court. "My lord," said the foreman, "the jury are satisfied as to the sale of the bottle, but are not sure of its contents, and would like to examine it."

"Certainly," said the judge, as he passed over the bottle.

After a short time the jury came into court. "Gentlemen of the jury, have you come to a decision?" the judged asked, after they had taken their places. "There's no case, my lord. There was not enough evidence to go round," replied the foreman, promptly.

* * *

He (at the picture gallery): I wonder what that painting represents, the youth and the maiden are in a tender attitude.

She: Oh, don't you see? He has just asked her to marry him, and she is accepting him.

He: Ah! how appropriate is the title.

She: I don't see it.

He: Why, that card at the bottom says "Sold."

PEN GEMS FOR THE MODERN WOMAN.

Some women are self-made and some are remodelled by a dressmaker.

* * *

A woman never seems more beautiful in the eyes of a man than when he sees her passing out of his life.

* * *

"How very few statues there are of real women."
"Yes; it's hard to get them to look right."
"How so?"
"A woman remaining still and saying nothing doesn't seem true to life."

* * *

SIAMESE SCHOOL FOR PRINCESSES.

In Siam there is a school, conducted by an English woman, especially for princesses. She has fifteen pupils, all belonging to the Royal family of Siam.

In addition to being instructed in reading, writing, and arithmetic the princesses are taught household management. Turn about they prepare the meals and lay and decorate the table. No person of the masculine sex is allowed to enter the school, for it is against the custom of the country for ladies of rank to meet youths, unless they be relations.

* * *

Secrets a woman can't tell worry her as much as the money she can't spend.

* * *

A "set of rules for long life," compiled by an old lady, includes: "Do lots of hard work—fifteen hours a day is not too much; abstain from idle gossip; never flirt, for it is a useless waste of energy; do not read novels; banish the vanity of dress; keep away from dances and shows."

* * *

A lady suing for breach of promise in New York asked only £2 for her broken heart; but the other items in her bill included ninety-two days' courting at £1 each.

* * *

Baroness Cecchi, who was believed to be in most indigent circumstances, has died at Weidlingen, near Vienna, worth £40,000.

* * *

It is possible for a plain cook to be a pretty one.

* * *

Auburn hair is such an attractive shade it is no wonder that every red-headed girl you know tries to make you believe she has it.

* * *

By the time a girl gets old enough to believe that men don't mean the nice things they say, she is so old they don't say them any more.

* * *

Mistress: "I see you have only one chair in the kitchen."
Bridget: "Shure, you needn't mind, ma'am. I never have any but gentlemen callers."

* * *

DISGUSTED WITH A CARDINAL.

Considerable indignation has been caused among ladies in Vienna by the utterances of the Patriarch Cardinal Cavallari.

After making a long quotation from the words of St. Peter on feminine vanities, the Cardinal, in a recent sermon, said: "The extravagance of woman's dress has reached such a point to-day that even men—I don't speak of Christians, but the ordinary men in the street—feel disgusted. I consider that dresses which permit the arms and a great part of the neck to be seen, or in which they are only slightly covered with lace or transparent materials, are indecent. Further, skirts which cling to the form may be regarded as indecent and as likely to destroy all feelings of natural modesty."

* * *

He: "My dear, I have a splitting headache. Can't you manage to get rid of these people?"
She: "I can't very well show them to the door."
He: "Certainly not; but you can show yourself at the piano."

It makes some girls tired to do anything but go

* * *

"I suppose, Bridget," said Miss Woodby to t
maid, "you think it strange that one who plays th
so perfectly as I do should practise so much."
"Yis, mum," replied Bridget, "shure, if 'twas
give up in disgust."

* * *

During the last twelve months 1,118 girls betw
ages of 10 and 16 were reported to the Metropolit
as missing. Of these 1,202 were traced. Two thous
hundred and seventy-six women of all ages above
reported as missing, and 2,540 of them were traced.

In the case of the 16 girls and 136 women who w
traced, their absence is in many cases explainable b
reasons as their having absconded to avoid paying
having quarrelled with friends or husbands, and a
of other causes. One woman is known to have gone
with a foreigner, with whom she had been keeping
any.

* * *

TALL QUEENS AND TINY KING

Many European monarchs are of shorter stature th
queens. George V. is several inches shorter than
Mary. The German Empress is slightly taller th
Kaiser; and it is alleged that when they are being
graphed together William sees that the Queen takes
while he himself stands.

The Czar of all the Russias is by no means a
his consort, and Alfonso of Spain is said to be a head
than Queen Victoria Eugenie. The King of Italy
reaches to the shoulder of his Montenegrin wife. The
of Demark, too, is taller than her husband.

Exceptions are the King of Norway and the King
Belgians. The latter, 6 feet 2 inches in height, is the
ruler in Europe.

* * *

GRANDMOTHERS AT THIRTY.

Although Filipino women do not usually marry
grandmothers at 30 are not uncommon. Such as
marry, and these are few, generally retire from the
to the seclusion of a convent or beaterio in some ca
or another, and consequently the old maid of Euro
the United States is practically unknown.

The Filipinos, as a rule, make good wives and
mothers, and are devoted to their husbands and ch
No Filipino would brook any interference between
and her husband, so long as she lives with him. Wh
his shortcomings may be, he is her "marido" (hus
and as such always occupies the first place in her con
tion.

* * *

Sometimes a divorce makes a woman feel nearly a
as if she had just taken off a pair of tight shoes.

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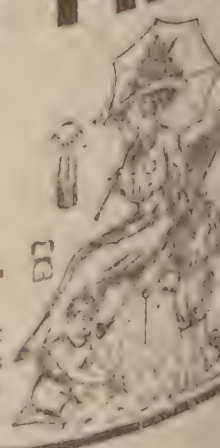
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BLIND SPORTSMEN.

INTERESTING RECORDS OF OLD TIME PERFORMANCES.

Much has been said of the decadence of British sports and sportsmen. The "old school" wag their heads and maintain that there were "giants in those days," while the modern devotee of the turf, the ring, the track and wherever else skill or horse strive for mastery, points with optimism to the hardy crop of broken records, and so the controversy ebbs and flows with no decided advantage to either side or anyone at all for that matter.

Guided by a Bell.

One kind of sportsman though seems to have completely died out with the passage of years, and no one in these days when the professional has come into his own, emulates the extraordinary cases of sportsmen, who, although suffering from afflictions such as blindness or lameness, were able to indulge in their favourite sport in spite of all physical disabilities.

Every Yorkshireman of the "old school" knows the name of "Blind Jack of Knaresborough"—John Metcalf, who died at Wetnerby in 1810. "Blind Jack" fell a victim to small pox when he was six years of age, and became totally blind. Yet he was an enthusiastic devotee of hunting and steeplechasing.

Guided only by an occasional warning of a friend, who would keep near him, and by an acute sense of hearing, which blind people possess, he would ride in an extraordinary straight line to hounds.

He even rode in a race, with another Yorkshireman, and won. The conditions were three miles on the flat, round a circular course, owners up, the stakes being 100 guineas a side. John stationed men round the course at intervals, each a man having a bell, which enabled the indomitable John to keep the course, a difficulty which had caused the betting to be 20 to 1 against him, and he won in a canter.

Dropped Off Partridges.

Lieutenant James Holman, the blind traveller, who lost his sight at the age of 25, was a keen shot. How a blind man could have the nerve to tempt Providence by carrying a gun at all, or how people could accompany him, is hard to understand, but Lieutenant Holman's sense of hearing was so acute that it is said he could drop a partridge or a pheasant three times out of five.

Even more remarkable than these performances were the feats performed by Mr. Kavanagh, for long a well-known member of the House of Commons. Mr. Kavanagh was not blind, but he had neither arms nor legs, and would seem therefore to be effectively prevented from attempting anything in the nature of sport. Yet he not only hunted and drove, but shot as well, and was really an adept at these sports. He used to be fastened on the saddle in a basket apparatus, and held the reins by hooks fastened to the stumps of his arms, which reached six inches from his shoulders. To enable him to shoot, a wooden arm was attached to the left stump, on which he used to rest his gun.

Cork Leg for Riding.

Another instance of hunting under extreme physical disability, coupled with indomitable pluck, is that of the famous huntsman of the Cheshire Hounds, Joe Maiden. Joe, while superintending the boiling of his hounds' food, slipped and fell with both legs in the boiler. When his right leg was subsequently examined, the flesh of his calf came right away, leaving the bone exposed.

The pain he endured with it was simply torture. Twice his leg was broken in the hunting field, and pieces of bone were continually coming away, but with the limb almost only held together by strapping and plaster, he would hunt six days a week, not sleeping at night with pain.

Every year he would have to add an inch to the heel of his boot, and in the end no effort to save the leg was successful, and amputation had to take place.

Then Joe had two cork legs made, one for riding and the other for walking, for he found his walking leg unsuited for the saddle, and was able to hunt his hounds as well as ever.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

SOME PITHY PARS AND ANECDOTES.

Some M.P.'s have been found sadly deficient in retaliative rhetoric when heckled at meetings, but not so Mr. Walter Runciman, who has represented Dewsbury in Parliament since 1902. Not very long ago a Suffragist, with the customary flourish of the arms, demanded of him, "What are you going to do with us women?"

Mr. Runciman at once answered, without even so much as a smile: "Madame, my present official duty is to educate you!" Later on a man began a question in this way: "Now, sir, I've a school in my eye ——" "Pardon me," interjected Mr. Runciman, laughing, "you really ought to see a doctor without delay if your statement be true, because you only ought to have a pupil!"

* * *

DETERMINED TRIUMPH OVER DISABILITY

Sir Francis J. Campbell, who has announced his retirement as principal of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind in Upper Norwood, is, perhaps, the most famous blind man in the world.

In *Who's Who* his recreations are given as "riding, rowing, travelling, mountaineering, cycling." He is the only blind man who has ascended Mont Blanc, and there are few of the snow-clad peaks of the Alps with which he is not familiar.

Sir Francis was four years old when he lost his sight, but from the very first he showed himself indomitably determined to triumph over his disability. He was born and brought up on a farm in Tennessee, and, in spite of his blindness, took part in the ordinary work of the farm, and later mastered the pianoforte, so as to be able to earn his living by teaching.

In 1871, when passing from Germany to America, he went by chance to a meeting of the blind in London, and though he had already booked his passage to America, he remained in London and founded his great work at Norwood.

* * *

WEALTHIEST PEER IN SCOTLAND.

One of the luckiest young men in Great Britain is the Marquis of Bute. He holds eleven titles, and is the wealthiest peer in Scotland.

The interior of his home at Mountstuart, Rothesay, is chiefly composed of marble. Rough-hewn from the quarries, it cost £60,000. Altogether, the dwelling cost over three-quarters of a million.

The Marquis has told a good story of a visit he once paid to a poor Scotch home. His object in going there was to render help to a widow and family. While at the cottage one of the little daughters ran into the kitchen, and addressing her mother, said: "Will we ha'e tea for breakfast to-morrow morn?" "Aye, dearie," replied the fond parent, "if we're spared." "An' if we're nae spared, mither," enjoined the child, anxiously, "will we just ha'e parritch?"

* * *

GOLFER AND AN ACCIDENT.

An incident which he has put on record goes to show that Mr. Harold Hilton will allow few things to interfere with his golf. In an accident the sinew leading to the thumb of the left hand was torn away from the sheathing that binds it to the wrist.

To the specialist who told him to keep his hand in a sling for a month or two, he explained that he had to play in the "open" in a fortnight. Play he did, with his hand bound up. He gave up in the second round, but a little later he won the St. George's Vase.

* * *

DUKE'S MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.

One of the "Grand Old Men" of the peerage, the Duke of Grafton, now in his ninety-second year, has lived a busy and eventful life. He is one of the few survivors of the Crimean War, in which he served with the Coldstreams.

At Inkerman he had a miraculous escape from death, for a bullet crashed through his jaw and passed out through his neck. He retired from the Army in 1881 with the rank of general. The following year saw his accession to the title, and the Garter came to him the year after. He married, in 1847, the daughter of James Balfour, of Whittinghame, and he is, therefore, uncle to the ex-Prime Minister.

The Duke, whose rent roll is said to reach £39,000 a year, has been a widower for fifty-five years.

LANDLADY OR BRIDE?

THINGS THE SNEERING BACHELOR MUST RECOGNISE.

The bachelor is apt to sneer at the young married couple. He smiles at the countless mistakes they commit, and says with an irritating snigger, "I told you so." He is also tempted to congratulate himself on his immunity from the small but important problems which housekeeping and householding involve. By comparison, a bachelor's life would seem delightfully free and irresponsible.

Aspect of Life Changed.

He flits about from lodgings to lodgings, until he finds the right place, run by the right landlady, and there he stays. His sole problem is that of finding the money to pay his landlady's bill; all his domestic cares are heaped upon her shoulders.

Then he marries, and the whole aspect of life is changed for him. He fondly imagines that his little suburban villa will be a veritable Arcadia—on a small scale, of course, and he is certain that provided the domestic wheels are kept well oiled—with the needful—they will run smoothly and without a hitch.

Unfortunately, he usually suffers a cruel disillusionment, finding as he does that the domestic machinery is very complicated and complex, and that something is always "going wrong." He is called upon to solve a hundred and one niggling little problems whose existence he never dreamed of during his bachelor days.

For instance, he must know the intricacies of drainage and plumbing; must know whether New Zealand lamb is as good as that which comes from "Canterbury"; and whether the pram should have plain or ball-bearing wheels; why oil cloth is apt to expand after being laid, and how to counteract it; how pictures should be hung, and why water is sometimes soft but more generally hard; whether it's best to cut the grass with shears, or to use a lawn-mower, and last, but by no means least, how to make both ends meet—the most difficult problem of all!

What Many Husbands Expect.

In his "merry old bachelor days" he paid his long-suffering landlady so much per week in order to solve these difficulties for him, but a bride of, say, twenty-two can scarcely be expected to have the experience of a landlady of fifty. Surely it would be gross injustice to expect the young wife to have solved during her short career all those baffling problems of which housekeeping is supposed to consist.

Such a vast mass of information is not to be acquired by the mere putting on of the wedding ring, though hundreds of husbands seem to expect it.

We are supposed to profit by experience, but many men who have "run into double harness" would be inclined to shake their heads dubiously after vainly endeavouring to repair, say, a leaky pipe.

Of course, he is quite confident of his prowess as a plumber in the first place, when, after poking fun at his young wife and calling her an ignoramus and a bungler, he throws off his coat, roots out the tool chest, and proceeds to tackle the job. It is only after two hours' back-aching work, after which the leakage is twice as bad as it was when he first commenced to tamper with it, that he realises that plumbing is not so easy after all, and he meekly withdraws his scathing remarks concerning his wife's incompetence.

Women-Haters and Loneliness.

These trifling housekeeping difficulties, strange as it may seem, are really essential to martial happiness, for they serve as the links which bind a newly-married couple into close companionship. The husband realises that housekeeping is by no means so easy as it appears to be, and in consequence is prepared to make allowances, and overlook any mistakes that his wife may make. The pair get to know each other better—they are far more likely to sympathise with each other over the petty difficulty of deciding how to hang the pictures than over the most beautiful piece of prose or poetry ever written.

A bachelor's life is no doubt very easy-going and free from domestic worries, yet it has its drawbacks, and even the most staunch woman-hater will admit in his heart of hearts that it is sometimes "deucedly lonely." On the other hand, marriage may bring certain complications at which he is inclined to grumble, but, to put it crudely, he gets far more for his money than when he paid his landlady to take the burden of those complications on her own shoulders.

DIRECTORY THIEVES.

HOW BUSINESS MEN ARE TRICKED.

There are, of course, legitimate directories; but are others, and against the latter we would warn readers.

The *modus operandi* is this: An unctuous agent pre himself at your office, and opening a case with a bo slips cut from various directories and pasted on his order form, shows you your entry and requests the for the next issue. By this means the unsuspecting will often pay for an insertion in a worthless and publication, the cutting shown having been taken fro Post Office or some other reputable directory.

The cutting of directories for this purpose is one principal causes of public libraries and post offices re the free usage of them they once allowed.

What the Law Compels.

The agents themselves are usually recruits for "The Legion," and unable, through various peccadilloes obtain clean employment, they are therefore compelle "muck in" with the more successful rogue with suffi capital to keep open a presentable office.

But, you might think, these people are surely li law? Now the law compels them to file a copy every years, and they do that by printing what is paid for separate sheet, as too late for insertion, and pasted main volume. The aforesaid volume is necessarily cro with errors and obsolete insertions, having been pr back in the Dark Ages. It is almost needless to state these directories have no circulation.

A soft-tongued individual can make a fair living at this business, and the percentage paid them (5% for old stuff and 66 per cent. and 75 per cent. for throws some light on the illegitimacy of the busines.

The loose management of some business houses tem encourage this parasite, as, with luck, by being answ by different people when calling, he can draw the sam several times over.

Far From Being Slow.

It has been done as many as half a dozen times for one insertion. Should he, however, encounter the individual again, he apologises suavely for his employ mistake and withdraws. A man who "parts" once always "tried on" again.

It has never, however, come to light that any such was ever returned, which, of course, *may* have been oversight. In the gentle art of thieving "dir punchers" are not slow, and it behoves business pe see that their superfluous money is given to a cause.

THE SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.

Monday is to witness the great sculling fi over the usual Thames championship course, from P to Mortlake, between Ernest Barry, of Putney, and Ra Arnst, of New Zealand, for £1,000 and the world's pionship. On August 18th, 1910, Arnst beat Barry on Zambesi; but in view of the fact that Barry was tra too well on that occasion by his financial backers, and consequence not enabled to train, etc., as satisfactorily could have wish)ed, this fact may neutralise the result last encounter. Arnst, by reason of his scaling heavier than the English champion, is the favourite Barry is the prettier waterman; and knowing his as intimately as he does, and, moreover, having had easier mind this time, in the matter of finances, it is possible—nay, quite likely—that he will turn the tables.

WASTED TIME.

Last week a city gentleman, who is devoted to the "S of Kings," took a country friend to a race meeting, explained to him the process of laying a wager, fin inducing him to place a bet of a sovereign at odds of one. He won. When he received his winnings, which friend had collected for him, he gazed earnestly at the m in his hand, and asked: "Is this all mine?"

"Yes," replied the friend.

"You mean to tell me I get £6 for £1?"

"I do."

He glanced about him nervously, and finally, lowering voice to a most confidential tone, remarked, "Tell me long has this been goin' on?"

TIPS TO "TERRIERS."

COGENT MIXTURE FOR UNDER-CANVAS BRIGADES.

Within the next fortnight thousands of territorials all ... the country will be off to camp. Consequently a few ... for the edification of Territorial readers may not come ...

Let me begin with uniform. Don't put it on in such a way ... it will look as if you had strayed into it by mistake, ... try to so arrange your putties in order that your legs ... not appear as if they belonged to a billiard-table. ...tties are never worn round the neck. It is not con...ered correct form in military circles to wear a bowler ...with a khaki jacket, though this form of attire is ...newhat favoured by certain Hebraic gentlemen engaged ...n a well-known industry.

Borrow a Mail Sack.

When you go to camp, it is usual to take a kit-bag. Take ...o, as you'll need one for an extra pair of boots, unless you ...ave arranged for these to be sent with the heavy baggage. ... you've got a friend in the Post Office, persuade him to ... you have the loan of one of H.M.'s mail-sacks. It ...ould answer your purpose beautifully. Don't take it ... camp full of your own stuff, otherwise there'll be no room ... any other fellow's kit which, strangely enough, is bound ...o find its way into your bag when you pack up to come ...me.

Of course you'll take a rifle—most soldiers do. Although ...oli-sticks may be lighter, the military authorities still ...quire you to go on guard with a gun, and niblicks are of ...o use in a night attack.

Now as regards boots. These are not worn on the hands, ...t mostly on the soles. Patent boots with kid tops are ...uch worn in the Long Valley at Aldershot. In fact they ...e worn out in two minutes and done-in in half-an-hour.

Yeomanry and Pyjamas.

If your shirts have stiff fronts, do not let this trouble ...ou, as they will soon assume the soft-fronted *negligé* ...ariety. "Evening dress" is not generally worn by ...rriers in camp—at least, not the style affected in the ...st End—but pyjamas are permitted. Should you ...long to a Yeomanry regiment, the colour scheme of these ...arments should be fairly subdued. Horses are timid ...eatures, and for a trooper to suddenly appear among them ...lad in a violent-hued suit of "nighties," is enough to cause ... stampede.

In your tent you will doubtless find about ten other ...en, each with his own ideas as to the amount of space to ...hich he is entitled by regulations. If you study your own ...ersonal comfort you had better sleep outside—there's more ...om there.

It is a good plan to select an empty tent and place your ... in one half of it and your body in the other half. When ...he other men come in they may look on for a minute, but ...or the next half-hour you will have to look out and even...ually you won't get a look in. Puzzling, isn't it?

Advice on "Dressing Down."

If you are a corporal or sergeant and have to "report" a ..., don't take the culprit before your captain when that ...ficer is enjoying a morning bath. It is difficult for anyone ...ok dignified in a tub at 4 a.m., and if you want your ...n to have a "dressing down," wait till your officer has ...ed up.

If you are used to being tucked in at night, don't be ...aid of falling out of bed. "Mother Earth" may be a ...ard mistress, but she never lets you down. Should any...ne step on your face, be thankful you weren't born a ...eetle.

At meal times you will find a good football training most ...seful. Indeed, the better man you are in a Rugby ..."scrum," the quicker you will get your grub. Don't ...rink all your coffee—save some of it to shave with, as it ...mparts that tanned effect so much admired.

Popular "Bottle Bath."

If you *must* wash, wait till it rains and soap yourself in ... shower bath. Most Terriers I know have what they ...ll the "bottle bath." This ablution merely consists of ...wo dabs at the eyes with the corner of a handkerchief mois...ened by the contents of a water-bottle. This "bottle bath" must not be confused with the "throat flush," which necessitates a continuous flow of liquid down the larynx. N.C.O.'s and men frequently undergo this treatment when in the vicinity of the Sergeants' Mess and Canteen.

If, when scouting, you come across a couple having a heart-to-heart talk, as it were, don't signal back for reinforcements, but "wait and see." You may learn something fresh, and in any event you will be able to judge whether the other man is as good a liar as you are at the game.

Distinguishing a Captain.

Recruits must be careful to salute all officers in uniform, but it is not necessary for them to wait for the word "two" before cutting away the hand to the side. A captain may be distinguished by three stars on his shoulder-strap. A bottle of the same stuff under his bed is a further means of identification. The colonel is not necessarily "one of the nuts."

A colour-sergeant does not derive his title from the roseate hue of his nasal organ. He is a man of quick mental powers and is actually able to calculate how much eight days at one shilling comes to without the aid of a ready reckoner.

If my martially inclined young friends will bear these few tips in mind when they go to camp I have no doubt but that when the hated German lands on the East Coast the "Terriers" will gobble up his national sausage with gusto and bear the strains of his bands with equanimity.

P. F. KAY.

What's in your Cigarette?

You really ought to know.

The BEST safeguard is to make your own selecting a *Good* Tobacco and rolling it in the well-known Cigarette Paper "A.G."

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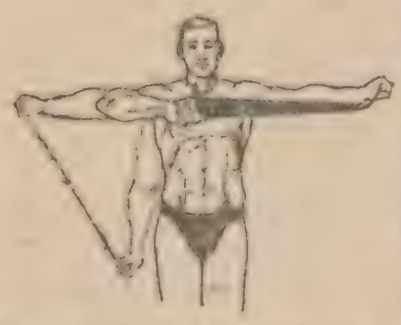


A week or two ago I gave some exercises for the biceps. This week I turn to the triceps, a muscle the importance and uses of which are not generally recognised, whereas, as I have pointed out, the value of a big biceps is apt to be exaggerated.

The triceps lies on the outside of the upper arm, and is a muscle which every boxer should cultivate, for hitting power comes mainly from the triceps and the pectoral muscles, the latter being at the junction of chest and armpit.

By "cultivate," however, I do not mean that you should seek abnormal development of the triceps—certainly not if you are a boxer.

An abnormal triceps would only tend to make a boxer slow and to diminish not to increase the force of his "punch."

Therefore, while one or other of the various "expanders" on the market may be used with advantage in the following exercises, it should be easily manipulated. A particularly good non-apparatus triceps exercise is to be found in imitation or shadow boxing.

First Exercise.

Hold the left arm in a straight line with the shoulders, as shown in Fig. 1, palm down, the right arm bent, palm up, and the right hand resting on the chest. Now with a steady, continuous pressure, free from strain or jerk, force the right arm down until it hangs straight by the side.

Then, with one sweeping, uninterrupted movement, raise the right arm until it is in a horizontal line with the left. Return and repeat.

Then reverse arms and perform the same movements with the right arm held straight and in a line with the shoulders throughout.

Another Way.

Hold the left arm above the head, arm straight and fully extended. The right arm is bent and in a similar position to that described in the first exercise. Now press the right arm down and *well back*, so that it passes the side of the thigh. The movement should also be performed with the palm of the right hand down.

Then reverse the arms so that the right arm is held above the head and the left arm across the body. I repeat that these exercises should not be performed with a very stiff expander or one with many chords or strands.

Ambidexterity.

The worst of some otherwise excellent games and exercises is that they tend to develop one side of the body only. Lawn tennis is a bad offender in this respect, and so, too, is bowling at cricket.

It is a source of wonder to me that lawn tennis players do not cultivate ambidexterity, for the average player's backhand stroke is decidedly weak, and he would probably be 50 per cent. better could be pull out a left-hand forehand drive when required.

I think that even a Barnes or a Blythe would be more deadly than they are if they could bowl with either arm. And there is no particular reason why they should'nt. Many a bowler would soon learn to bowl left-hand or, in the case of a left-hander, like Blythe, right-hand if he gave the same attention to it as he gives to learning to bowl either over or round the wicket, and to varying his pace.

I believe that ability to bowl with either hand would make an otherwise mediocre performer really formidable.

Left Hand at Bowls.

These remarks are prompted by the fact that I have lately become an enthusiastic convert to the ancient game of bowls, and among other useful tips a veteran player strongly advised me to practice bowling with either hand.

Apart from the fact that situations often arise when it is far easier to put in a difficult shot left hand than right hand, ambidextrous bowling exercises both sides of the body, and relieves the strain of a long and keenly-fought match.

Answers to Correspondents.

"PEDESTRIAN" (Canterbury).—Oak tanned leather is best for walking boots, next to this leather that has been tanned with vegetable salts. Leather tanned with mineral salts, as it is the far too common practice nowa-days injures the feet. Insist on a guarantee from your boot-maker that the leather contains no "chrome," as the trade term goes.

A.B. (Leicester).—Measurements [illegible] There are doctors who will tell you that you should take a drink only after a meal, while just as many will advise you to drink with a meal and not after it. I don't think there is any doubt, however, that it is bad to take a drink immediately before or at the very beginning of a meal.

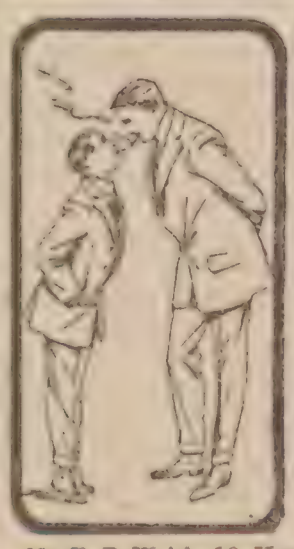
MAY.—(1) The bromide acts as a sedative to the nervous system, an excitable condition of which is responsible for the trouble you mention. (2) No reason your hair should not come in again. Brush it hard night and morning, and anoint it lightly with a little castor oil, rubbing it well into the roots.

BLACK DIAMOND (Bellshill, N.B.).—Don't be in too great a hurry; forced development is no good. We do not care to recommend any particular system at the expense of others, but you may take it that any professor of physical culture advertising in the *Modern Man* is a reliable man.

"JACOB" (Northampton).—While it is true that men with hairy chests are usually strong, the absence of hair on the chest is in no way a sign of weakness, so don't worry.

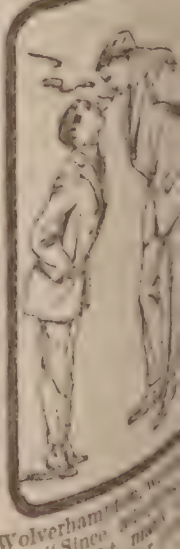
F. G. (Epsom).—Cheese, beans, lentils, peas, etc., are muscle builders, while for meat there is much to be said for *lean* mutton.

P.W. (Maidenhead).—I don't wish to alarm you, old man, but from your description it strikes me that you are suffering from tuberculous glands of the neck. Consult a doctor without delay.



Which of these men would YOU rather be — the tall or the short?

The tall one, of course. And you can be tall if you will take the slight trouble of writing to me. Provided you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. My system involves no appliances, no drugs and no special diet.



Mr. E. P. Welch, 10, Horsham Street, Bath Road, Wolverhampton, completing the first half of my course of instruction: "Since course I have added approximately three inches to my height, many friends having noticed the increase." This is but one of many similar the efficacy of my methods.

Send three penny stamps for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, Specialist in the Increase of Height,
(Dept. MM), 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N.

OTHER MEN'S ESTIMATION OF YOU

depends very largely upon the Strength of your Will-Power and Personality. "The St. Settef Course of Will-Culture" (entered at Stationers' Hall) explicitly teaches how to develop **YOUR** Will-Power and Personality—**YOUR** Powers of Concentration, Self-Reliance, Self-Control and Personal Magnetism to double their present strength in a few months. Your face and bearing will denote increased Strength of Character. **YOU WILL RISE IN THE ESTIMATION OF THE MEN YOU MEET.** The fee for the whole Course (four absorbingly interesting lessons) is only £1 (foreign postage 4d. extra). This is your total expenditure. Course sent in plain sealed package. Enrol to-day. Next week will see you delighted with your progress. THE ST. SETTEF INSTITUTE (Dept. M.), PERTH, N.B.

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to make and keep you fit, taught privately, and in classes, by Prof. Vernon (Instructor Hon. Artillery Co., etc.), Shepherd's Bush (next Empire), London. Illustrated booklet and terms (moderate) 2d. Postal instruction also given.

MOTOR AND PEDAL CYCLING:

FREE EXCHANGE BUREAU FOR OUR WHEELER READERS.

A couple of letters from old readers (one of them, written by "Motorist," Birmingham, is given in the Editor's Notebook) have influenced us to start a Free Exchange bureau, by means of which it is hoped to benefit our friends who have a motor or pedal cycle which they wish to dispose of, or those who wish to secure an exchange or purchase.

The only stipulations which *Modern Man* makes in connection with its latest offer are :—

1.—That a reader must make his requirements known in not more than twelve words.

2.—That to every communication must be attached the coupon printed in the next column.

3.—Please state if you prefer a box number or your address to appear to advt.

A practice that appears to be gaining in popularity among motor cyclists is that of the pillion seat or carrying a passenger on the carrier, and a letter from a correspondent enquiring if it is safe suggests that a few remarks on the subject will not be out of place.

The first consideration that presents itself is whether the machine can safely bear the additional strain that is thrown upon it by the extra 10 stone or thereabouts on the carrier, and it speaks volumes for the excellence of the present-day machines that, at any rate as regards the frames, no mishaps due to this part of the machine can be traced.

A Source of Danger.

The next item to be considered is the tyres, and herein lies one of the sources of danger. In designing the present-day tyres, the manufacturers never contemplated that they would be put to such a use, and indulging in this practice is putting on the tyres a strain that they were never constructed or intended to bear. A burst tyre running at speed under these circumstances means one thing, and one thing only—disaster. In fact, there is a case on record of an accident due to this cause being attended by fatal results to a lady passenger.

The final consideration is that of the skill of the rider. The essence of safety on a machine is perfect steering and control, which cannot be obtained when the centre of gravity of the machine is shifted to the back wheel.

Manufacturers are now all agreed that the weight of a machine should be distributed as far as possible equally between the two wheels, and the truth and proof of this is evinced by the fact that machines where the rider was perched on top of the back wheel, and the steering was controlled by ridiculously long handle-bars, are now hopelessly obsolete. It might also be noted that the winners of both Junior and Senior T.T. races this year were machines where weight distribution and low centre of gravity were as near perfection as possible.

Cases of "Touch and Go."

My own years of experience have taught me that like every other sport that of motor cycling carries with it enough risks without the additional handicap and responsibility of an unsteady weight on the carrier, and every motor cyclist will admit that there are times when, perhaps owing to circumstances quite beyond his control, it is a case of "touch and go," and the utmost skill is called for to avert an accident which it would have been impossible to avoid had the driver been handicapped with a passenger.

It must be admitted, of course, that it is a cheaper method of passenger-carrying than the side-car, and many machines that would be impossible as the motive power of a side-car turn out can comfortably tackle an extra person on the carrier, but taken on the whole the essential points, where a passenger (especially a lady) is carried, are the safety and comfort of both alike; and this I maintain is out of the question in the manner under discussion.

The Editor of the Cyclists' Touring Club *Gazette*, asked for his views as to what he considers necessary in the way of sign posting the country has replied :—

1.—There should be absolute uniformity in the information supplied, so that the wayfarer may know what kind of information he may expect to find.

2.—Posts should be at every road junction in the country and in the towns also.

3.—As to the information to be given. The next town and also the next village (where one intervenes) should be given on each arm. Distances should be given—and correctly.

4.—The erection and maintenance of posts should be compulsory on the body responsible for the road on which they are placed.

A. R. W.

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Motor and Pedal Cycle Exchange.

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Name and Address _____

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Send the coupon below, and see what you *can* do

This letter speaks for itself :—

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Take the way which means no evening classes—no interference with present work—no heavy fees—no extras. Terms arranged to your needs, and reference *now* to I.C.S. students in *your own* district if desired. This coupon is for free particulars.

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Over 180 Courses in all.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The holiday fever has fairly got hold of the Stock Exchange. Stagnation reigns supreme.

* * *

Perhaps we go too far in saying "stagnation"; to be correct we should say the "bears" are having a fine old time.

* * *

The Home Railway market has had a severe shake out, but what a chance for the investor who is prepared to wait a month or two.

* * *

Metropolitan Districts are positively going begging, despite the regular traffic increase each week.

* * *

Another of my favourites (Great Easterns) have been knocked down to a very low figure on the decreased dividend. Nevertheless, I say Great Easterns are one of the best purchases in the Home Rail market; Oil will yet tell its tale.

* * *

Brighton Deferred more than twenty points below a few months ago. What a chance!

* * *

American Rails are worth watching.

* * *

Rubber Shares have enjoyed a rise owing to the increase of raw material at last Tuesday's auction.

* * *

If the price for raw material is maintained Rubber shares will forge ahead as the market has touched bottom. It is only waiting for a "bull" point to rapidly broaden out.

* * *

There is nothing special moving in the Oil market, and we cannot look for any great appreciation in price until the winter.

* * *

South Africans and Rhodesians are still in the doldrums.

* * *

At the meeting of the Union of London and Smiths' Bank the other day Sir Felix Schuster held out a ray of comfort for the premier security.

* * *

The keen speculator should pick up Nigerian Tin shares at present prices.

* * *

Especially Rayfield, Nigerian Tin Corporation, Northern Nigeria Bauchi Ord., and Anglo-Continental.

* * *

Among Industrials Marconis have been somewhat active, but Associated Cements have been depressed owing to the labour trouble.

* * *

The prospectus of the Kansas-Oklahoma Oil and Refinery Co. was issued at the end of last week with a capital of £430,000. We should think the 7 per cent. Cumulative Preference shares a good purchase.

* * *

Nigerian Tin Corporation.—A favourable report with a final dividend for the current financial year is anticipated.

* * *

Oil fuel still going ahead; rumour has it that the White Star Line intend experimenting with one of its boats, and this should be a "bull" point for the Oil market.

* * *

The directors of the Law, Car and General must feel very uncomfortable just now. The verdict for £600 against them may involve no less a sum than £65,000.

* * *

I am making enquiries relating to the Bucket Shop several readers have written to us about this week, and we will advise results after investigation.

* * *

In response to many letters I am making investigation regarding the Canadian Capital Investments, Limited, and will advise results by letter.

Grand Trunks have been unable to steer clear of the general depression now prevailing in the market, and makes Grand Trunk Third Pref. all the more tempting a lucrative lock-up at the lower quotation now ruling.

* * *

Mexican Railway Ordinary are still being pushed up, but I cannot advise my readers to purchase.

* * *

It is interesting to note that the little tube known as the Great Northern and City Railway has earned sufficient to pay its own debts and meet the fixed charges out of revenue.

* * *

District Railway.—Report for half-year shows increase of £9,976 in gross receipts and decrease of £13,590 in working expenses. Dividend payable August 7th. Number of passengers carried increased by 1,406,729 compared with last year. Receipts and working expenses are adversely affected by coal and transport workers' strikes.

* * *

BRIEF REPLIES.

X.Y.Z. (Manchester).—Premier Oil should prove a good investment for your £25 at present price.

A.S. (Leeds).—It would be much safer for you to deal with a member of the London Stock Exchange.

NOVICE.—We cannot advise you to speculate in the shares you mention.

A.B. (New Cross).—Invest the £250 in Rails. For preference Districts and Great Easterns.

S.B. (Huddersfield).—The people you mention run a bucket shop in connection with a financial paper, but we cannot advise dealings.

C.G. (Balham).—Maikop Pipe and Spies are all right, but the others you mention would be best left alone.

D.L. (Liverpool).—You had better send me a list of your investments, when I will advise.

E.M. (Hertford).—We will advise you by letter, with the Emba Caspian Oil Co., Ltd., in our next issue after making full investigation. In the meantime send us along all the papers you have received.

E.B. (Plymouth).—Hatton Morris and Co. Yes.

SIMPLE.—Same answer as "E.B."

The Financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for sixpence, by wire, one shilling.

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(43rd Edition.)
Stock Exchange Operations thoroughly explained, also C
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under its popular IDEAL POLICY PLAN, whic combines House Purchase with Life Assuranc can help you to purchase a house of your own
Write to-day for Booklet, "How to BUY A HOUSE in the Right Way," which will be sent free. Active Agents wanted Excellent Prospects.
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M. GREGORY, Managing Director.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU.

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

J.L.C. (Manchester).—You lose your bet. A pibroch is not a musical instrument, but the name of a martial air. However, you err in good company, for even Lord Byron makes this common mistake:

It is not war their aid demands—
The *pibroch* plays the song of peace.

OSCAR OF ALVA.

A.B. (Beckenham).—An aide-de-camp to the King receives 10s. 6d. a day, in addition to any other pay he may be entitled to. The appointment is usually reserved for officers who have exceptionally distinguished themselves.

C.F. (Margate).—Yes, that is right. In future, thirty minutes extra time is to be played in the Cup Final in the event of a draw at full time, and a good job too.

R.T.H. (Wolverhampton).—A "baffy" is a wooden golf club used for making lofting shots. It is really a very old club revived.

"NEMO" (Acton).—Bonuses and "benefits" to professional footballers are all optional; that is, a club is not bound to award a bonus or benefit to a player who has qualified for one. It is the same at cricket.

P.G.R. (Winchester).—Out sea fishing at night in a small boat you should have four lanterns; a red one hung mast high, a white one at the bow, and another at the stern, while you need the fourth to see what you are doing when baiting, unhooking, etc. Stable lanterns will do, the red one being improvised by covering the glass with red tissue or cracker paper.

"MALLET" (Buxton).—A first-class croquet mallet with boxwood head and malacca cane shaft will cost you from 12s. 6d. to 17s. 6d.

T.P. (Sheffield).—When introducing a gentleman to a lady you mention his name first.

"TERRIER" (Northallerton).—An Airedale Terrier should have black nostrils, small V-shaped ears, and small deep hazel eyes well sunk in their orbits, so that they are protected should he start "scrapping." His tail should be docked, but not more than one-third of its original length.

ELSIE (Newport).—The saddest words in the English language are "What might have been"!

J.McC. (Edinburgh).—We are not prejudiced against vegetarians and fruitarians, but we are convinced that man was not made to live by bananas alone.

"TONY" (Clapham).—The "Writers' and Artists' Year Book" (A and C. Black, 1s.) is what you want.

J.Y. (Sheffield).—From all we hear the American athletes at the Olympic games are a very sporting lot of chaps, and there is not likely to be any repetition of previous shady tactics, for which relief much thanks.

HENRY B. (Camden Town).—White or grey flannel trousers with a blue serge or flannel coat is all right for seaside wear, but on his bended knees Captain Saunders begs you not to have gilt buttons on the coat.

"TIP" (Leytonstone).—A penny in each shilling of the bill is a fair tip to the waiter at an average restaurant.

F.M.B. (Wigan).—An "Honourable" describes himself as "Mr. So-and-So" on his visiting card. No letters signifying distinctions or degrees to which one is entitled should appear on a visiting card.

"SALUTE" (Bradford).—Certainly a Regular soldier should salute a Territorial officer in mufti if he knows him to be an officer.

SHIPWRECKED AMONG SHARKS.

Of all Lord Wolseley's distinctions, there is none of which he is prouder than having been "toasted" by the late Queen Victoria. This happened at Balmoral Castle after his return from the Arabi campaign in Egypt, when her Majesty congratulated him on his "glorious and well-deserved success."

Few soldiers have had a more active or adventurous career, for, besides being under fire and risking his life on innumerable occasions, he has been ship-wrecked in the Straits of Malacca among the sharks, and for ten days kept body and soul together by eating an occasional fish of peculiar flavour.

The doyen of Field Marshals was, on one occasion, so severely wounded that he heard the surgeons remark about him: "He's a dead 'un!" Another time his fondness for sketching saved his life.

During a certain campaign, when there was a lull in the proceedings, he wandered off with his sketch-book to make some drawings. He was hardly out of sight of the camp when a senior officer sent for him to undertake a small mission. As the future Field-Marshal was not there, another officer volunteered to go in his place. This unfortunate man was captured by some natives and his head was cut off.

Seize This Opportunity To-day!

OUR UNPRECEDENTED OFFER.

Never before, in the whole history of journalism, has any paper offered to its readers a gold-pointed Fountain Pen at such a low price as we are charging.

We are enabled to do so because our circulation benefits directly by the twelve coupons which you have to enclose, by the fact that the copies you give away bring us new readers, and by the name of the paper appearing on the Pen itself.

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with 14-carat solid gold nib will be sent post free to any address for

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(One of these coupons appears on page 1186.)

Description of our Pen.

¶ The nib is made of 14-carat solid gold, fine, medium or broad.

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HOW TO SECURE ONE OF THESE PENS.

On page 1186 you will find a Pen Coupon. Cut this out, and collect 11 further Pen Coupons, either by purchasing additional copies of the paper or by getting the Coupons from friends who are already readers.

If you buy extra copies from which to cut the Coupons, it is understood that you will give the copies to those whom you think likely to become regular readers.

When you have collected your 12 Pen Coupons, send them along with a postal order for 1s. to "Fountain Pen," MODERN MAN Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and your pen will immediately be sent to you.

THE WEEK'S RACING. STEWARDS' CUP RUNNERS AND THEIR FORM.

By THE "OLD HAND."

To those readers who subscribe to the wire service in time, the Racing Editor will send the latest information for the Stewards' Cup, together with anything else he knows for that day. The charge for the wire service is 5s. for five days, or 1s. for a single wire. Selections are wired overnight for the convenience of those that cannot deal with wires during the day time.

The appearance of the weights for the Stewards' Cup did not cause much of a stir, and the handicapper has accomplished his work to such good purpose that those people who expected to find the winner stuck right in front of them met with a sore disappointment.

Spanish Prince's Big Weight.

Taking the form of our best performers, I should say that SPANISH PRINCE, good horse though he is, cannot win with his big weight, and I cannot have GREAT SURPRISE.

In addition to SPANISH PRINCE, Morton has SUNFLOWER II., SUNNINGDALE, and ABSURD engaged, and whichever he relies upon will be dangerous. I am told that ABSURD will be the selected of the stable, and that his trainer fancies him. If such turns out to be the case, it will not be safe to leave him out.

This season he has only run once, when he was unplaced in the Two Thousand Guineas; but he led his field to the bushes, and it is very apparent that his forte is sprinting.

On his form in the Victoria Cup, PRINCE SAN has the best of the argument with both SPANISH PRINCE and GREAT SURPRISE. At Hurst Park he finished in front of both of them, receiving 23 lb. from Morton's charge, and 14 lb. from GREAT SURPRISE. He now gets the same weight from SPANISH PRINCE and 12 lb. more from Mr. Rhodes's horse, so that one might fairly assume that he would confirm the placings. He is, however, such an uncertain animal that it is not safe to trust him, otherwise he would represent a pretty good investment.

BEAUREPAIRE was leading at six furlongs in the Hunt Cup, and if he runs as well in this race should go very near breaking his losing sequence this season.

Only Guide to a Chance.

RUNNYMEDE has not yet been out this season, and the only guide we shall have to his chance will be the market, where any move in his favour should be followed.

GOLDEN ROD won the race two years ago, carrying 12 lb. less than he now has to shoulder. He has shown good form this season, and is I know expected to take a deal of beating.

Leach has MAHSUD and BRAXTED—last year's winner—engaged, and the latter is again fancied.

GRAMMONT has all the weight he is entitled to, and on the Wokingham Stakes running has nothing in hand of either BORROW or POOR BOY, each of whom finished in front of him in that raec.

BACHELOR'S TAX, Fallon's other representative, has had plenty of time to improve since his ignoble display behind BORROW and others in the Windsor Castle Handicap, but whether he has done so or not must be taken on trust.

PRESTER JACK is usually better in the spring than at any other time during the year, but that does not signify that he will not give of his best here, in which case he is given a good chance. He ran very well behind HIGHWAYSIDE last week.

In addition to BORROW, Joyner has BASHTI, MATINEE, and FLANDERS engaged, but I am not particularly struck with any of them.

Disappointing Bannockburn.

Between CASTLETON and JESSICA there is nothing in the matter of weight, but the former has an advantage in that he has had a cut at and won over a longer distance than the mare has ever tried.

POLKERRIS is probably better over a mile than any other distance, a remark that also applies to THADDEUS. BANNOCKBURN is a disappointing sort of animal, and it is never safe to put any trust in that sort of horse. SHORT GRASS is going to win a race—at least, so we are lead believe—but he will have to improve considerably on previous efforts to win the Stewards Cup.

LAVOLT's home reputation is that he is 10 lb. in fron G.P., and I see that the handicapper has taken that vie their public performances. I do not think either of th will win this race.

ZEBRE is very fast and has not much weight, but has chance against any of those that finished in the first fi in the Wokingham Stakes.

Robinson can be represented by HALL CROSS, WISE SYM of MEDIATOR.

FERAMORZ and SILESIA are the Manton entries. former has not won a race since his two-year-old days has already failed at each of his two attempts this sea

CATARACT was attempting an impossible task at A when beaten by SUNFLOWER II., and GOLDEN ROD, bu is altogether differently handicapped here, and I am war that he is sure to take a lot of beating. It is by no me an easy matter to find the winner of the race, and in coup

BEAUREPAIRE AND CATARACT.

I do so without a great amount of confidence.

Other selections :—

GOODWOOD, WEDNESDAY.

Goodwood Plate : ULSTER KING.
Findon Stakes : SANTALINE.

THURSDAY.

Drayton Handicap : CYLLIUS.
Goodwood Cup : PRINCE PALATINE.
Rous Memorial Stakes : CONCERTINA FILLY.
Prince of Wales's Stakes : DAY COMET.
Selling Plate : BATTLE AXE.

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£5 PREPAID will cover the cost of TEN Occasional Spec Telegrams.

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My Special Telegrams are ONE HORSE

EXCEPT IN CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES when I consider judicious to send Two, more particularly when they are from same quarter and are both expected to score. However, for convenience of **System Workers**, I always endeavour to place best selection **first on Wire**, which should be a guide to patrons.

Successes for the last Two Months included:

Sweeper II. 6 to 1.	Helium evens
Golden Lassie	Spanish Prince 11 to 4
Rivoli 2 to 1	Sherboro 11 to 4
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Maritza 4 to 1	Jessica 4 to 7
Bachelor's Hope 11 to 1	Borrow 16 to 1
All Gold 6 to 1	Lavolt 3½ to 1
Pink Domino 8 to 1	Sanquhar 9 to 4
Sour Plum 5 to 2	Oriolita 6 to 4
Irish Marine 4 to 1	Juggernaut 11 to 8
Nettle 3½ to 1	Sister of Mercy 6 to 4
Privilege 5 to 1	Kadine 10 to 1
Varnish 3 to 1	Sir Max 6 to 1

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THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

A TIE PIN QUESTION.

"G.H.B." (Dunstable) asks whether it is correct to wear a tie pin in the knot or below it?

Depends on the tie, collar, and the size of the waistcoat opening.

A tie pin should be worn below the knot if you are wearing a double collar, and not a bow, but an ordinary tie.

Of course, you do not wear a pin with a bow tie. This may sound like superfluous advice, but only the other day I saw a—a—well, I hardly know what to call him— wearing an alleged diamond star or buckle about the size of a florin in one corner of his bow tie.

Small knots and large waistcoat openings are popular just now, and with this combination the pin should be worn below the knot.

Tie pins, however, with the possible exception of a golf safety pin to keep the tie in place, should never be worn with négligé dress such as flannels.

And if you wear a tie pin let your tie be a smart and good one. An expensive pin stuck in a cheap tie is hopelessly out of place.

Further, pins rarely look well with ties of mixed colours. A diamond, pearl, or plain gold pin is best worn with a plain black or white silk tie.

Coloured pins should be worn with great caution, against a background of one colour, and here again black or white is the safest setting.

To put a sapphire pin in a yellow tie is simply atrocious, while a brown tie is the worst for displaying a ruby.

A pearl pin goes very well with a light blue or French grey tie, but is not improved by being set against red or purple.

A plain gold pin, on the other hand, goes very well with a crimson tie, but any tint of red in the tie "kills" a diamond.

White is the best background for the sapphire, emerald, or ruby, black for the diamond.

Cameo and large horse-shoe pins are best suited to the old-fashioned four-in-hand tie.

A black pearl makes a beautiful pin for a white tie, but naturally should not be worn with a black one.

Turquoise makes a gentlemanly looking pin, and is best set off by a white tie.

Black is the background for opals, though they do not look bad with a carefully chosen shade of green.

KIMONO WANTED.

H.C.H. (Kentish Town) wants to know where he can get a kimono, a Japanese garment which I presume he means to use as a dressing gown, and not a bad idea either.

I really don't know of any place that specialises in kimonos. He might try Messrs. Liberty, while, of course, Mr. Gamage is always ready to supply anything from a sacred elephant to an educated flea.

In further reply to "H.C.H." I don't know whether there is any difference between a lady's and a gentleman's kimono. I hope he will excuse my ignorance.

MORNING DRESS.

H.A. (Lincoln), to whom I have written direct, has to wear morning dress for the first time, and wants to know:—

(*a*) "Whether a white waistcoat is correct and advisable?"

Depends on the circumstances. Both correct and advisable for a wedding, or for a very swagger garden party, or afternoon "At Home."

In the ordinary way he would be better advised to wear a white vest slip.

(*b*) "Whether a morning coat means a tail coat or a frock coat?"

A tail coat all the time.

(*c*) "Is a buttonhole necessary or optional merely?"

Optional, unless he is going to be bridegroom or "best man," at a wedding, when a buttonhole should be worn.

Apart from weddings a buttonhole is quite in order when attending some social function, but there is no necessity to wear one.

A bunch of violets takes a lot of beating for a gentleman's buttonhole.

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